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THE

MISSIONARY'S DAUGHTER:

A

MEMOIR

OF

LUCY GOODALE THURSTON,

OF

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

"Why brought here to wither,
But to fulfil some high behest of heaven?"

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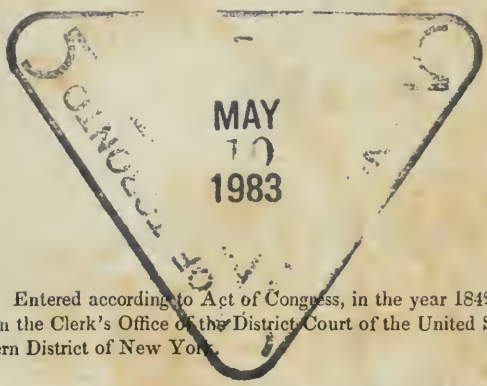

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PREFACE.

About one year ago, God, in his providence, brought to this country the child of one of our oldest missionaries in the far off isles of the seas. She was among the first of the children of the missionaries who have been retained at a missionary station to so mature an age; and notwithstanding all the disadvantages of her isolated situation, attained a high degree of mental cultivation; and gave, living and dying, evidence of sincere piety.

At the age of seventeen she landed upon our shores, with the expectation of enjoying, for a season, the advantages of the society and institutions of Christian America; but within three weeks after the time of her arrival, she found a place in our sepulchres.

The brief obituary notice of this young person, published a short time after her death, in the New

York Observer, excited very general interest, and the request was immediately made from various directions, by members of the American Board, and other friends of missions, that a more extended memoir might be given to the public. The writer, however, would never have undertaken its preparation but at the suggestion of Rev. Dr. Anderson, the Secretary of the Board who has charge of the foreign department, who was of the opinion that such a memoir would not only subserve the cause of youthful piety, but have a favorable bearing on the cause of missions.

It has not been the object of the writer to describe a child of unusual powers of mind or attainments in piety, nor to present a narrative of a remarkable or uncommon character; but to give the simple history of a missionary's child, reared at a missionary station in one of the darkest corners of the earth, to show what may be accomplished with the blessing of God by intelligent Christian parents, even when deprived of many of those facilities which are usually deemed essential in the education of children; and especially to call up, in the minds of both parents and children, a deeper interest in the families of missionaries, and

more ardent desires for the salvation of the heathen.

What Lucy Thurston was, and what she became in the peculiar circumstances of her situation, is here presented chiefly in her own language, by extracts from her journal and letters. Thus, being dead, she yet speaketh. If her example should inculcate any new lessons of meekness, humility, and loveliness of deportment; if it should impress upon the minds of any of the youth of our land the importance and blessedness of early piety, or inspire any one of them with a love for the missionary cause, she will not speak in vain. And if her brief history should throw any light upon the question, "How are the children of missionaries to be educated?" and awaken in the hearts of any of God's people stronger sympathies for their missionary brethren, or a deeper sense of their obligations to labor and pray, and give of their substance, "that the kingdom of glory may be hastened," the writer will ever rejoice, that by a peculiar providence she was permitted to stand by the dying bed of "the missionary's daughter."

For the benefit of those into whose hands this book may fall, and who may not be familiar with

the history of the Sandwich Island mission, a brief sketch of the early history of these islands, and of the introduction and progress of Christianity upon them, is prefixed to the memoir.

March 1, 1842.

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THE

MISSIONARY'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER I.

DISCOVERY OF THE ISLANDS—GEOGRAPHY—SOIL—PRODUCTIONS—FIRST VISITS OF FOREIGNERS.

The Sandwich or Hawaiian Islands were discovered by Captain Cook in the year 1778. They form one of the largest groups of islands belonging to that portion of the world called Polynesia, and are situated in the Pacific Ocean, in about 20 deg. north latitude, and about 155 of longitude west from Greenwich; and about one-third of the distance from the western coast of Mexico to the eastern coast of China. They are ten in number: Hawaii, Maui, Kahoolawe, Lanai, Molokai, Oahu, Kauai, Nihau, and two small uninhabited islands;* the first was for many years known as Owyhee, the land of Obookiah. Honolulu,

* Pronounced Hah-wye-e, Mow-e, Kah-ho-o-lah-way, Lah-ni, Mo-lo-ki, O-ah-hoo, Kow-i, Ne-how.

on the island of Oahu, has the finest harbor in the islands, and has already become a seaport of considerable importance.

These islands are supposed to be of volcanic origin. The soil consists chiefly of decomposed lava. Craters of extinct volcanoes, and evidences of eruptions, are everywhere to be seen. Earthquakes are not unfrequent in several of these islands, and on Hawaii is an immense volcano, whose mighty fires since first discovered, have not ceased to burn.

The productions are not so various as those of many other islands and countries in the tropical regions; yet many of the fruits of the torrid zone are found in perfection, and the soil is adapted to the cultivation of all the necessaries, and many of the luxuries of life. The culture of the sugar-cane has been successfully introduced within a few years, and in 1840 the first exportation of sugar and molasses was made from that country.

The climate is mild and delightful, the thermometer ranging from 60 to 85 deg. of Fahrenheit.

The inhabitants are of the same race as those of the other islands of Eastern Polyne-

sia, and bear a strong resemblance, in many respects, to the inhabitants of Southern Asia. But how long they had existed as a nation, previous to the discovery of the islands by Capt. Cook, or what was their origin, is a matter of mere conjecture. He found them a race of degraded savages, and met his death at their hands.*

During the forty years subsequent to their discovery, the islands were frequently visited by ships from various countries. Vancouver visited them in 1792, and established a friendly intercourse with the king and chiefs. Their convenient position procured them many visits from ships engaged in the whaling business, and in trade to China and the north-west coast of America. American merchants had established themselves there long before the entrance of American missionaries; but no improvement was made in the temporal or spiritual condition of the people. The love of gain had led many an adventurer to their shores, but as yet no one came with the voice

* For further particulars of Capt. Cook's visit to these islands, see "Cook's Voyages," and "Dibble's History of the Sandwich Islands."

of mercy—no one cared for their benighted souls. On the contrary, the vices of foreign lands, which were abundantly introduced, only sunk them deeper in corruption and misery. Their native treachery was confirmed and strengthened by the unfair dealings of sordid traders; fire-arms added a new facility to the indulgence of their cruel and malignant passions; and the introduction of intoxicating liquors, and the unrestrained licentiousness of the seamen, completed the degradation of this benighted people.

CHAPTER II.

CHARACTER OF THE INHABITANTS—DESPOTIC GOVERNMENT—HABITATIONS—DRESS—FILTHINESS—VICIOUS HABITS—IDOLATRY—TABU SYSTEM.

It is difficult to present the character and condition of a heathen people in such a light that they may be appreciated by those who dwell in these favored ends of the earth. There are so many circumstances which go to make up the sum of human civilization and temporal comfort, that they are seldom all taken into account. The writer can truly say, that after reading for years the various histories of pagan nations, and the accounts of missionaries who have labored among them, she had formed no such idea of the degradation of the heathen, as is gained by listening to the verbal accounts of the missionaries who first planted the standard of the cross among them. A recent writer says on the subject, "I had some sense of the degradation of the heathen, the first year of my residence among them, but the whole period of seven years did not serve to reach in conception the immense, the fathomless depth." We will present a few of the

most striking facts tending to show the condition of these islanders, when first visited by the missionaries.

They were a nation of ignorant, degraded, naked savages. Their government was an absolute despotism. The common people were in the most abject slavery to the king and chiefs. Their lives and property being at the arbitrary disposal of their rulers, they were destitute of motive to activity or enterprise.

Their dwellings were thatched huts; a mat upon the ground and three calabashes or gourd-shells, one for fish, another for poï,* and a third for water, their only articles of furniture. Sitting around these calabashes, they took their food with their fingers, and then slept promiscuously like a herd of cattle, upon the mat, which served alike for a seat, a table, and a bed. The houses of the chiefs were of a better character, but their comforts and conveniences were but little above those of the common people. The habits of all classes were filthy in the extreme. Cutaneous diseases were *universal* and from the highest chief to the lowest subject, not an individual was free from vermin.

* Pronounced po-e.

The king and chiefs had in some degree adopted the American style of dress, and wore garments in their intercourse with foreigners. But in general their only clothing was a strip of native cloth, made of the bark of trees, and the common people were accustomed to go entirely naked. Even the female chiefs, in the early period of the residence of the missionaries on the islands, have entered their houses in a state of perfect nudity, and without the least sense of impropriety or shame. Oh, who can tell the pain of heart that our missionary sisters have felt, the trials to which their sensibilities have been subjected, in taking up a residence among such a people. Thanks be to God, they have had no inconsiderable share in the honor and privilege of elevating this nation, and of placing their own sex in a position alike favorable to their temporal comfort and their eternal salvation.

But poverty and filth were not their greatest miseries. They were in every sense a corrupt and vicious nation. The family compact was unknown. Polygamy was common, and licentiousness universal. Parental affection was capricious, and children were often sacrificed at

their birth, merely because their parents wished to be rid of them. Treachery and deceit were so common, that the missionaries were obliged to watch their household effects when a native was present, and even conversing with them. And while their language abounded in terms expressive of the grossest practices and vices, it was destitute of such as would convey an idea of virtue or rectitude. In conversation, as in all other intercourse, they knew no restraint. And the missionaries remark, that after years of instruction and example, it is still difficult for the people to conceive of the proprieties of conversation, or to understand that there should be any subject of discourse not common to both sexes, and proper under all circumstances.

Their religion was a system of cruel idolatry. Human sacrifices were common; their altars literally flowed with human blood, multitudes being often sacrificed at one offering. And now, as the missionary goes abroad upon some pedestrian tour, to preach the Gospel to the people, he passes here and there a demolished temple, around which lie the bleaching bones of human victims.

Connected with their idol-worship was the

kabu system. This was a system of arbitrary restrictions and prohibitions imposed upon the people by the king and priests. The word "kabu," or tabu, as it is commonly written, implies "consecration;" and when applied to this religious system, signified that certain persons, places, seasons, and things were sacred to the gods, or to certain persons and purposes. The least failure in the observance of the kabu was punished with death. Certain animals and trees were sacred to the gods; certain kinds of food were sacred to the king and priests; particular days and sometimes weeks were sacred to the worship of the gods, or to the service of the king and chiefs, and during these seasons the most common acts of life were forbidden. The persons of the king, chiefs, and priests were, at times, so sacred that no individual could accidentally behold them without suffering death. These prohibitions were inconceivably numerous, and violations of them so unavoidable, that the kabu seemed like a system for effecting the destruction of human beings, and the absolute misery of those who survived, rather than a system of religious observances.

No class of persons felt the burden of the *kabu* as did the females. Women were forbidden to eat with men, or to partake of the choicest kinds of meat, fish, or fruit. Even the highest female chiefs were under these cruel restrictions.

A female missionary once said to me, "It is to the Christian religion that you owe the privilege of sitting at this table with your husband, and of eating the fruit that you hold in your hand. Before we went to the country where I have been laboring, no woman was allowed to sit at table with her husband, and, except one favorite queen, not a woman in the kingdom could taste fruit, under penalty of death." To sit at table with a husband was too great an honor, and to eat fruit too great a luxury for *a woman*. Oh, what an amount of suffering has paganism inflicted on the female sex. How long have their sighs and tears gone up to an "unknown God," without an answer. But the prayer of the Christian's faith has brought relief. Here, as in every other country not enlightened by the beams of the Sun of righteousness, woman was sunk to the lowest place of abjection; but here she has already "lifted up her head and rejoiced"

in the light, and felt the elevating power of the Gospel.

Not half the evils of the condition of this people are here taken into account. But even to these their native miseries, add the deadly vices introduced from Christian lands during an intercourse of forty years, and the reader may form some conception of the state in which they were found twenty years ago by the American missionaries.

The population of the Sandwich Islands was estimated by Captain Cook at 400,000. Whether that was correct or not, it was then much larger than it is at present. Various causes, connected with their religion, government, and domestic customs, have long combined to depopulate the islands. The last census shows but 108,500 inhabitants.

Since the labors of the missionaries have commenced, the progress of depopulation has been retarded, but not arrested. Yet we may indulge the hope that this nation is not destined to melt away before the progress of civilization, but to remain a lasting monument of God's providence and grace, in bringing the isles of the seas under his dominion.

CHAPTER III.

REMARKABLE EVENTS OF DIVINE PROVIDENCE, WHICH PREPARED THE WAY FOR THE MISSION TO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

In the conversion of no nation from Paganism to Christianity, has the providence of God been more strikingly manifest, than in opening the way for the introduction of the Gospel, and promoting its progress in the Sandwich Islands.

The different islands of the group were formerly governed by separate and independent kings and chiefs. They were frequently engaged in cruel and exterminating wars with each other, which have probably greatly accelerated the depopulation of the islands. A formidable obstacle to the introduction of Christianity was removed, only a few years previous to the arrival of the missionaries, by the union of the islands under the government of one ruler. This was Kamehameha. He was a petty chief of one of the districts of Hawaii; possessing remarkable powers of mind, boldness of purpose, and great physical energy. He had been successful in some of his contests with other chiefs of his island, and formed the

design of subjecting all the islands to his dominion. In this bold project he was at length successful, and by the rare combination of energy of character, a mild disposition, and a humane attention to the welfare of his subjects, established a consolidated government.

Kamehameha derived some benefit from his intercourse with foreigners, and made the first attempt to adopt the customs of civilized life among his people. He endeavored to introduce the mechanic arts, encouraged commerce, and seemed to have some obscure ideas of elevating his nation. The news of the great change wrought in the Society Islands—where the London Missionary Society had been for many years laboring—had reached him, and he and the more intelligent of his people had already begun to sigh for the better religion of the land afar off.

But Kamehameha died a heathen. "Feeling after God if haply he might find him," on his death-bed, he entreated of a foreigner by his side, "Tell me plainly of the religion of the Bible, and of the Christian's God." But alas, no messenger of the everlasting Gospel was there, to point him to the Lamb that was

slain; and the soul of the king, and the priest, went untaught to the bar of God.

Kamehameha died on the 8th of May, 1819. He was succeeded by his son Liholiho, who struck the fatal blow to the *kabu* system. On an appointed day, after consultation with his chiefs, the king sat down to the table of the women of the royal family, and declared the kabu to be abolished. The decree was proclaimed through the islands. The temples were destroyed, the altars thrown down, the idols burned, and the debasing system of idolatry, under which this wretched people had for ages suffered, and for which thousands of deluded beings had bled and died, was in one day brought to the ground. The nation had "put away their strange gods from among them." The isles were waiting for God's law, and He who had thus wonderfully prepared the way, was no less wonderfully preparing to send his law and his Gospel to them.

Does the reader remember to have heard of Obookiah, or Obukahaia, the Sandwich Island youth, who sat on the steps of the college buildings at New Haven, and wept, as he thought he could gain no access to the paths of knowledge?

Obukahaia was born in Hawaii about the year 1795, in the reign of Kamehameha. During a civil war his parents were slain before his eyes, and he was kept a prisoner till found by his uncle, the high-priest of the island, who took him to his own home. Even in his savage boyhood, he seems to have possessed tender sensibilities. He mourned his orphan state, was restless and unhappy, and formed the design of leaving his native land. In 1809, he availed himself of an opportunity of coming to the United States. He was brought to New Haven, Conn., where he soon showed a strong desire for instruction, was taken by the hand and instructed by the Rev. C. N. Dwight; and was subsequently under the care of the lamented and revered Samuel J. Mills, till he entered the foreign mission school at Cornwall, Conn.

Obukahaia was a lovely and promising youth. He made rapid progress in knowledge, and gave early evidence of piety. His heart bled in view of the miseries of his countrymen, and he was laboring to prepare himself to carry back to them the blessed Gospel, when he was seized with a fever, and died on the 17th of February, 1818. But "he died as a Christian

would wish to die. And he had not lived in vain. Life's great end had been accomplished in the preparation of his own soul for the life to come. His tears on the college threshold, more than any thing else, had called the mission school into existence, and secured the preparation of several others of his countrymen, to return to the islands instructed in the way of life. He had lived until the interest in his kindred according to the flesh had become general, and a mission to the Sandwich Islands was rendered certain and near at hand."

The hearts of these Hawaiian kings were in the hands of the Lord, and while he turned them as the rivers of waters are turned, he led this orphan boy to a Christian land, and gave him a part equally important in accomplishing his will. For may we not believe that the prayers of Obukahaia with his devoted teacher Mills, and other Christians in America, had a prevailing efficacy, in accomplishing that change which took place while the missionaries were on their way across the ocean?*

* The first missionaries sailed on the 23d of October, and it was in the early part of November, that the kabu system was abolished by Liholiho.

CHAPTER IV.

FIRST MISSION COMPANY—ARRIVAL—CHANGE EFFECTED IN TWENTY YEARS.

On the 23d of October, 1819, the brig Thaddeus sailed from Boston, bearing the first company of missionaries to the Sandwich Islands. Previous to their embarkation, they were formed into a mission church of seventeen members—Rev. Messrs. Thurston and Bingham and their wives, with five other assistant missionaries and their wives, and three Sandwich Island youths, who had been educated at the Cornwall school, and were prepared to act as interpreters to the missionaries on their arrival. After a safe passage, they landed at Kailua on the 4th of April, 1820, little expecting the intelligence that awaited them. They had been preparing to contend with all the opposition of a system strengthened by age, and the prejudices of ignorant superstition; but behold, the people were waiting for the new religion of which they had heard, and welcomed to their shores the teachers of salvation.

The missionaries were kindly received by the king and chiefs, who became their first

pupils and their kindest friends. And while they have enjoyed the favor and protection of the government, they have received every encouragement, and enjoyed every facility, which it was in the power of uncivilized rulers to bestow, in diffusing the knowledge of civilization and the Christian religion among the common people.*

It would be interesting to trace the peculiar providence of God, in the various events that have marked the progress of the mission in the Sandwich Islands; to portray the contrast which is visible between these islands as they now are, and as they were twenty years ago; to speak of the churches which have taken the place of heathen temples, the common-schools, and boarding-schools, and seminaries which have gathered in thousands of the children—of the printing-presses which have scattered books of instruction and science, maps, and, at

* It is a humiliating fact, that the only opposition with which our missionaries have ever had to contend, in their self-denying labors in the Sandwich Islands, has been caused by the influence of foreigners; and too often by those who boasted the same American origin, and should have rejoiced to take the missionaries by the hand, and claim them as brethren.

length, the entire Bible in the Hawaiian language, over every part of the land—of the various arts which have already been successfully introduced, and have, to a wonderful degree, ameliorated the condition of the people; and especially to describe the great and powerful revivals of religion which have passed over the whole face of the islands, and brought thousands of souls in submission to the feet of Jesus.

It would be delightful here to dwell upon the conversion and characters of Keaupuolani,* Kaahumanu, Opiia, and Kinau, who have literally fulfilled the prediction, "Queens shall become nursing mothers" to the church—to speak of Kaumuolii, Koapilikani, and Keaumoku, of Nauhi and Kapiolani, and a number of other chiefs, who early embraced the truth as it is in Jesus, and who have gone, as their spiritual guides believe, to cast their crowns at the feet of their Saviour, and to enter upon their eternal rest.

Something of this change may be learned from the memoir before us, and some of these

* Pronounced Kay-ow-poo-o-lah-ne, Kah-ah-hoo-mah-noo, O-pe-e-ah, and Ke-now; Kow-moo-o-le-e, (formerly written Tamoree,) Ko-ah-pe-le-kah-ne, Ka-ow-mo-koo, Now-he, Kah-pe-o-lah-ne.

distinguished and interesting heathen converts are here alluded to. But the reader must be referred to other sources for a particular history of this interesting and successful mission. One missionary band after another have gone to take up their abode in these islands, until the people have already enjoyed the instruction of more than one hundred laborers. The Lord is carrying on the work which he commenced; and while his devoted servants have had great encouragement in their toils and trials, and the dying testimony of many ransomed heathen has been to them a large reward, they will never cease to ascribe the praise "to Him who alone doeth wondrous things," and in view of the events of the past twenty years, to say, "What hath God wrought!"

For further particulars of the history of the Sandwich Islands, and of the progress of Christianity upon them, the reader is referred to "Ellis' Polynesian Researches," "Stewart's Sandwich Islands," "Tracy's History of the American Board," "Dibble's History of the Sandwich Islands," and "The Missionary Herald;" to which works the writer is indebted for many of the facts contained in these chapters.

CHAPTER V.

RESIDENCE OF MR. AND MRS. THURSTON—PECULIAR TRIALS OF MISSIONARY PARENTS—VIEWS OF MR. AND MRS. THURSTON WITH RESPECT TO THEIR CHILDREN.

Mr. and Mrs. Thurston remained at Kailua* a few months after their arrival at the islands, and then removed to Honolulu, at the same time that the residence of the king and court was also changed. They resided two years at Honolulu, and then returned with two children to Kailua, where they have ever since resided, and where Mr. Thurston remains, the oldest ministerial laborer in the Sandwich Islands.

From the description of the natives, and of the state of society, given in a previous chapter, it will be readily supposed, that the question, how children should be shielded from the influences by which they were surrounded, would be one of the deepest interest to the missionaries. For the abolition of idolatry did not change the customs of society, nor did the toils and tears of missionary labor make them at once a civilized people. This has been a

* Pronounced Ki-loo-ah, Hon-o-loo-loo.

slow work; and even now, they are far from being, in their habits and modes of life, what their teachers desire them to be. Many in this country who are familiar with the history of missions, have little idea of the difficulties to be met in rearing families on heathen ground, and consequently they do not appreciate a peculiar class of trials to which their exiled brethren are exposed. Imagine the devoted missionary laboring among a savage people, who, in their daily intercourse, pass about almost, and often entirely naked, whose children are familiar with vice in all its most debasing forms, and whose conversation is more frequently than otherwise of the most gross, obscene, and shocking character. Would you have his children associate with such a people? It cannot be. This has been proved in other mission fields, by the painful departure of the beloved children of the missionaries of both sexes, who have associated with the natives, and become assimilated to them in degradation and corruption. The principles of evil have a fatal tendency, and the depraved heart drinks in iniquity even from the polluted streams of pagan and savage vices.

The most of the missionaries have considered it necessary to send their children to America in their early childhood, that they might be entirely removed from the dangerous associations of a heathen country, and receive their education under the more benign influences of a Christian land.

Mr. and Mrs. Thurston determined to make the experiment of rearing their children on heathen ground. They well knew the difficulties they must encounter, but they believed it to be their duty to train up the children God had given them, and it was also their opinion that the influence of Christian families was to be an important means of elevating a heathen people.

The mysterious providence which a few months since removed one of their dear children, just as she had reached the dawn of womanhood, and had planted her feet upon the shores of her fatherland, has presented to our minds the result of this experiment in one instance. May the simple story of this beloved girl enkindle new sympathies in the hearts of American Christians in behalf of their missionary brethren, and awaken new desires and

more fervent prayers for the children of missionaries.

It is not for himself that the missionary feels his privations. He is willing to toil and struggle on, and "not give up till he receives the crown." But, Christian parent, he loves his children as you love yours. And must he rear them up without Christian institutions, without the preaching of the Gospel in their own language, without society, and without schools; or must he send them from his own fostering care in their tender years, and scatter them from himself and from each other, to seek their fortunes in another land? In either case, you have his sorest trial. It is this which causes him many days of anxious solicitude, and many nights of tears and prayers—this, in which he asks the combined wisdom and sympathies and prayers of his brethren at home and abroad; and under this, his faith in Abraham's God alone sustains him.

CHAPTER VI.

LUCY'S BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD—TRAITS OF CHARACTER—CIRCUMSTANCES IN WHICH HER EDUCATION WAS CONDUCTED.

Lucy Goodale Thurston, the subject of this memoir was born at Honolulu, on the island of Oahu, on the 25th of April, 1823. She was the second child of Rev. Asa and Mrs. Lucy G. Thurston. Mr. Thurston was a native of Fitchburg, and Mrs. Thurston, of Marlborough, Mass.

Lucy was six months old when her parents returned to Kailua, on the island of Hawaii.*

*Lahaina Maui, Nov. 30, 1823.

Mr. and Mrs. Thurston remained with us one week, and then left us in fine spirits, to take their station, and unfurl the banner of the cross on the rocky shores of Hawaii. I admired the spirit with which Mrs. Thurston, after bidding us farewell, sprang into a rude canoe with her two children; and I watched them with a glass with lively interest, as they paddled through the breakers, to the open sea. No preparation appearing to have been made on board the brig, to hoist her on deck in a chair, which is usually done, she intrepidly mounted the ship's quarter by the manropes; and stood ready to waive us a distant farewell, before many others of the same refinement, could have determined even to attempt ascending to the quarter-deck, as she had done.

Stewart's Sandwich Islands.

Feeling it necessary to separate their family entirely from the savage people among whom they resided, these parents sedulously guarded their children from all intercourse or association with them. They were not allowed to learn the native language till they were twelve years of age, nor to go beyond their father's yard without being attended by one of their parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Thurston kindly informed the natives that their customs and practices differed essentially from the people of America, and that they wished their children educated entirely on the principles, and according to the customs of a Christian country. The natives readily admitted the propriety of the arrangements, and cheerfully assented to the restrictions.

In these circumstances, Lucy's character was emphatically formed at home. Her childhood was passed in a retirement and seclusion of which children in this country have little conception. Her sister and brother, and the children of an associate missionary, were her only companions, and the wall of her father's yard bounded her every-day's enjoyments and expectations.

But even here were pleasant scenes. Here genial influences watered her young heart, and brought forth their blessed fruits in a life of loveliness and an end of peace.

Hers was a peaceful home. Affection made it happy, and regular and varied occupations added zest to its enjoyments. Here, shut out from the excitements of a civilized world, and in a measure from the darkness of heathenism with which she was surrounded, and under the fostering care of affectionate and pious parents, Lucy felt not the privations to which she was subjected. And when with her mother and sister she walked along the shores of the broad Pacific, and listened to tales of her fatherland, and of a Christian land, her heart never sighed for the far-off region she had brightly pictured in her imagination; and she returned with a contented spirit to her "quiet home at Kailua."

The works of nature were a prolific source of happiness to Lucy. Unlike children who are surrounded with ever-varying sources of amusement, and who live amid scenes of change and excitement, she learned in her childhood to realize and enjoy the beauty and grandeur of the natural world. Few improve-

ments of art met her eye. She had not seen the architecture of civilized cities, or admired the tastefully decorated grounds of a cultivated country. But the page of nature she had carefully studied. The flowers of the mountain, and the shells of the sea, were among the choicest treasures of her young heart. She communed with the stars, and watched with delight the varied forms and hues of the summer clouds. She saw beauty in the crested billows of the ocean, and heard music in its roar; and when she looked upon the evidences of Kilauea's* mighty fires, and felt its earthquakes beneath her feet, she was awed before the power of God. How much influence such circumstances have in forming the character of children we cannot tell; but it is not improbable that they had their effect in producing that calm, placid, and meditative spirit which Lucy possessed, and in fostering that reverence for her heavenly Father's name and character, and that delight in the study of his works, which she manifested from her earliest years.

Lucy's disposition was naturally very uni-

* Pronounced Ke-low-a-ah.

form and amiable. She was mild and docile, submissive to her parents, and exceedingly affectionate and kind to her brothers and sisters. These traits, so lovely in childhood, were the ornaments of her maturer years, and with a peculiar humility of feeling and modesty of deportment, were prominent features of her character.

With such tastes and dispositions, was it strange that Lucy Thurston was happy in her seclusion, and that till her dying hour her heart clung with fondness to her childhood's home?

Mrs. Thurston had been engaged in teaching previous to entering upon missionary life; and feeling it important that her husband should be wholly given to the work of the minister and missionary, she assumed the charge of her children's education. For this purpose she devoted much time to their systematic instruction. As soon as they were old enough to enter upon a course of study, she set apart regular hours for teaching them. Their circumstances were favorable to study, and to the cultivation of a taste for knowledge. They were dependent upon books, and they prized

the information derived from them. "Thus, year after year," writes a missionary friend, in speaking of this family, "the happy little circle were employed in the pursuit of literature and science, loving and being loved, attentively listening to the instructions of their excellent parents, and abundant in reciprocal acts of kindness to each other."

This family school was an object of great interest to the natives, who often dropped in to witness its operations, and expressed their delight in observing the docility and industry of the children. Their intervals of relaxation afforded Mrs. Thurston the opportunity of continuing her instructions to the natives, and when she assembled her class of mothers around her, and instructed them in their duties, the tear would gather in many an eye, as they would say, "Your children love you, and mind you; but ours, we cannot do for them as you do." Some of these mothers remembered the children whom their own hands had put to death.

How could this model of a Christian school fail to have its influence upon the people among whom it was established. Example is as

powerful as precept, and is as important in reforming the characters of pagan savages, as in forming the characters of children in an enlightened country. A Christian mother must bear an important part in advancing the cause of Christ, and of civilization too, among the heathen, by training up her family upon Christian principles, and after the customs of a civilized land.

Here these children remained secluded from the world, and deprived of the advantages of society, except what they enjoyed from occasional intercourse with the families of other missionaries, until the eldest was nineteen, and Lucy seventeen years of age. But here they enjoyed the society and instructions of intelligent parents, and the history of the one who has been suddenly cut off will show that even in such circumstances, children may make extensive and valuable acquirements.

Lucy possessed good natural powers of mind, without peculiar readiness or vivacity. Her memory was unusually retentive. She was accurate in the study of languages, and mathematics, as far as she advanced, but had more taste for the natural sciences. Her favorite

study, when a child, was botany, and she was very fond of astronomy, natural philosophy, and chemistry. But no better evidence is needed of the character of her mind, and the cultivation it had received, the peculiarity of her intellectual tastes, and the attainments she made as a scholar, than her writings afford.

Availing herself of every facility for improving her children, and of giving them proper and pleasant employment, Mrs. Thurston instructed them early in composition. This was not only of great advantage in leading to thought, and promoting ease of expression, but opened a new source of pleasure in their isolated situation, by enabling them early to correspond with their relatives in this country, and with missionaries in the islands.

Lucy commenced a journal when she was eight years of age; and continued it, with occasional interruptions, till two weeks before her death. She also, when quite young, commenced a correspondence with some of the children of the missionaries, and with her young relatives in this country, and subsequently exchanged letters with several of the missionaries. It is chiefly by extracts from this jour-

nal, and from some of the letters of which we have copies, that we propose to present her character and the peculiar circumstances under which it was formed. And it is believed that the introduction of Lucy's journal and letters will not only be interesting, as they serve to exhibit the character and improvement of a missionary's child; but also, as showing "life as it is" among missionaries, in as faithful a manner as it could be given by abler pens.

But let the reader bear in mind, that this journal was not written by one who had passed through the period of childhood and youth, and through a course of education, and who expected to write for the entertainment of mature minds, or for the edification of the public; but by a child in the progress of her education, and who had not the most distant idea that her writings would ever attract the notice of any individual beyond the circle of her own family and intimate friends.

CHAPTER VII.

EXTRACTS FROM LUCY'S JOURNAL AND LETTERS, WRITTEN WHEN SHE WAS FROM EIGHT TO TWELVE YEARS OF AGE.

The first extract we make from Lucy's journal was written when she was eight years of age, and alludes to the birth of a sister, which took place during a rough passage from Kailua to Honolulu, whither the family were going to pass a few weeks, that Mrs. Thurston might be under the care of a physician.

"July, 1831.—Last June our family, Mr. Bishop's, and Mr. Ruggles', sailed in the Waverley, for Oahu. The voyage was three days in length, and we were very sea-sick. It was the first time I remember sailing in a vessel. In the morning of the third day, we went down into the cabin, and saw a little babe lying in a native woman's lap. Afterwards father brought it, and laid it between us in our berth, and said it was a little sister. A double canoe came off, and mother was carried ashore on a mattress. Persis and I went in a single canoe with Mr. Ruggles..... After three weeks we sailed for Kailua. Our little sister has been

named Mary Howe, after her grandmother. Sometimes we call her Daughter of the Ocean."

Were it suitable to relate the particulars of the event alluded to, it would present a page of missionary trial that would touch the tenderest chord of every mother's heart. Let Christian females bear in mind, that their missionary sisters do indeed "take their lives in their hands," when they leave their homes, and their mothers and sisters, and take up their abode among the heathen.

The individuals mentioned, and a crowd of natives, sleeping on the deck, were the only persons on board a small dirty native vessel at this time.

The history of the "native woman" mentioned is interesting. When an infant, she was buried alive by her mother. Being but partially covered with stones and dirt, her cries attracted the notice of a passer-by, whose humanity saved her from a cruel death. She was spared to see the light of the Gospel, was one of the early converts to Christianity, became the wife of one of the native deacons of Mr. Thurston's church, and died a few years since rejoicing in the hopes of the Gospel.

"Dec. 10, 1831.—Some time ago father walked in here with his singing-book under his arm, and called Persis, Asa, and myself. He practised with us in raising and falling the eight notes. Ever since, he has been in here every day after dinner, and had a singing-school with us. Mother teaches the natives. We have learned thirteen tunes.

"Sept. 22, 1833.—Last Monday night, mother, Persis, Asa, and myself went down to Mr. Bishop's to gaze upon the .stars, as Mr. Bishop had kindly offered to show us how to find the constellations on the celestial globe. He pointed out to us Ursa Major, Ursa Minor, Orion, and several others. We were exceedingly interested in it. The next morning we went down again. We are now able to find them ourselves without help. Every morning we learn the name of some new star."

LETTER TO MRS. SPALDING.

"Kailua, Dec. 25, 1833.

"My very dear Friend—We were very happy to receive a letter from Mr. Spalding. We do not forget you. We love to hear from you, and often think and talk of you all.... We are studying optics in natural philosophy. We

learned to-day that black things absorbed all the rays of light, and white things reflected them all. A rose is red, because all the rays are absorbed beside the red rays. Grass is green, because all the rays are absorbed beside the green rays. Ink is black, because all the rays are absorbed. Milk is white, because all the rays are reflected. I am also studying decimal fractions in Colburn's Sequel. We all think of you with great affection.....

"Please to give my love to all my friends.

"From your affectionate friend,

"LUCY.

"MRS. JULIA B. SPALDING, Lahaina, Maui."

LETTER TO WILLIAM AND CHARLES RICHARDS.

"KAILUA, Aug. 16, 1834.

"MY DEAR FRIENDS WILLIAM AND CHARLES— Last Saturday in the forenoon we went down to bathe. It was spring tide. We bathed in a little pond; and when the tide came in, it seemed as if we were in the middle of the ocean. We like to bathe very much. Do you know how many spring tides we have in a month? How many neap? Which tide is the highest, spring or neap? Yesterday night there was a great fire in the village, and twelve

houses were burnt, with a good deal of property. The fire was very large, and the sparks went up very high, and appeared like stars, and then descended. Keoua's two houses, and the houses of several principal people, were burnt with them. Smoking caused the fire.

"We had an earthquake at the same time that you did. It stopped our clock. We had another about a week after; they were both in the night. Latin is very interesting; we wish you to study it. It is very easy studying in the Latin Reader. Asa gets a new declension and parses two new words every day. I hope you will write every opportunity, and tell us all about what you are doing.

"Please to give my love to your parents, to Miss Ogden, to your brothers and sisters, and to all my friends.

"From your affectionate friend,

"LUCY G. THURSTON.

"Masters WILLIAM and CHARLES RICHARDS,

"Lahaina, Maui."

"AUG. 1834.—While at the general meeting at Oahu, we several times saw Mr. Douglass, an English naturalist. He left Honolulu a week before we did, with Mr. Diell and Mr.

Goodrich, for the purpose of exploring this island. A few days since, we heard that he fell into a pit, where he was killed by a wild bullock. They were expecting him that day at Hilo, but instead of giving him a welcome, they were shocked by having his corpse brought wrapped in a bullock's skin. It was put into a coffin with salt, and sent down to Oahu.

"Feb. 1835.—Father rings the bell every morning, at four o'clock, to wake us up. We retire at seven. We have each a drawer of shells, a pair of as many kinds as we have been able to collect. We have been studying about carbon in chemistry. It says that charcoal, cotton, and diamond are almost wholly composed of carbon in different degrees of purity. The other day, Persis was trying to make some hydrogen gas, with sulphuric acid, water, and iron filings. She spilt some of the diluted acid on her dress from top to bottom..... A few mornings after, she found a dreadful rent in it. She hastened to mother's room to show how her dress had been *cut*. Mother said, 'not scissors, but sulphuric acid.'

"April 6.—Yesterday noon forty female church-members attended mother's school.

"April 21.—Mr. Stephens, a very interesting young man from Boston, is here. He is travelling for his health. He took a sketch of the old idols standing in the governor's yard. He called up here at two o'clock this afternoon and took a sketch of our house. He tells anecdotes. He spent much time in the Southern states. He said that once, at a public dinner, there were fifteen kinds of sweetmeats on the table as a dessert, besides several other courses."

These extracts present the simplicity of the child, but at the same time discover those habits of observation and thought which do not always characterize the juvenile scholar. We shall be disappointed if they do not convey some lessons of instruction to the youthful reader, and perhaps they may furnish some suggestion to parents with regard to studies best adapted to the capacities and enjoyment of children.

DESCRIPTION OF A VISIT TO HONOLULU, WHEN LUCY WAS TWELVE YEARS OF AGE.

"July 29, 1835.—Last June, our family, Mr. Bishop's, Mr. Forbes', Mr. Lyon's, and Mr. Baldwin's, took passage in the brig Velocity,

Capt. Proctor, for Oahu. On our way we stopped at Lahaina, and took in Mr. Richards' family with seven children, Mr. Green's family with three children, and Mr. Andrews, making in all a company of fifteen adults and twenty children. The families of Messrs. Clark, Armstrong, and Spaulding went in a vessel before us. We arrived at Oahu in the morning, and had a pleasant passage. The wind being ahead, the vessel was pulled into the harbor with long ropes, by men standing on the reef.* When we were entering the opening in the reef, the vessel grazed along on the rocks. We then fired for a pilot, and reached the shore in safety..... We arrived at Honolulu on Wednesday, June 3d, and the new reinforcement of missionaries arrived on Saturday, June 6th. We went down to the shore to meet them. There were three gentlemen with their wives, and two single ladies. Mr. Coan, minister, and wife; Mr. Diamond, bookbinder, and wife; Mr. Hall, printer, and wife; Miss Brown, and Miss Hitchcock. We were much pleased with them. They all immediately repaired to Mr. Bingham's, where a number of missionaries

* A reef of coral forms the harbor of Honolulu.

called to welcome them to these islands. A hymn was sung, and Mr. Coan prayed. They then dispersed. There were present at the general meeting, twenty-nine gentlemen, twenty-two ladies, and forty-nine children. After going on board the Velocity, we went to Keauhou, and spent the day in taking in wood. In the evening we left, and in looking off to Kailua, saw a tremendous fire, which seemed to reach to the clouds. As it continued longer than a thatched house would burn, we had no doubt, for a fortnight, but that it was either our house or Mr. Bishop's. We then heard it was the large thatched meeting-house, 180 feet by 60. It was the work of an incendiary. Mr. Rice told us that he had not heard such a wailing among the natives since the days of Kamehameha. After it was burnt, the natives came and slept in the piazza, back and front of our house, and of Mr. Bishop's, several weeks during our absence, lest they too should be burned.

"During the general meeting, the king made a tea-party for all the missionaries, at the house which stands in the fort. Mrs. Baldwin and Mrs. Clark assisted in making preparations. They all assembled. When the king entered,

he was surprised to see such a numerous company. His surprise was increased, when Dr. Judd told him that more than forty remained behind. But he manifested much pleasure in seeing so many missionaries together. Tea was carried round. Those who preferred, took water. Mr. Alexander asked how long Persis and I had been so temperate. Persis replied, 'Always.' Biscuit, custard, and several kinds of cake were passed round. All the chiefs were present. After supper there was singing.

"There were frequent meetings for the children of the mission. Mr. Coan interested himself very much in them. He was unwearied in his efforts for their conversion. He invited those to come to his room at noon, who wished to see him, and there we often used to talk together, and pray together. This was a text from which he often spoke: 'Son, give me thine heart.' All the children were much interested, many were serious, and several, we trust, were born again. There were meetings at the Seamen's chapel on the Sabbath. There were also morning prayer-meetings among the missionaries.

"As our family remained some time after

the session, waiting for an opportunity to return home, we one day took an excursion to the beautiful valley of Manoa, where Kaahumanu died. We started very early in the morning, and reached the place a little after the sun arose from behind the mountain. We all travelled on foot. After breakfast, we rambled about among the trees, ravines, and hills, quite to the end of the valley. It is one of the most pleasant places I ever saw, so retired, and surrounded with such beautiful scenery. We gathered nearly a quart of Stewart shells, which we found adhering to the *ki* leaves. They are very pretty shells of different colors, with stripes on them. The genus is Achatina. There are two species. One is named Oahuensis, because they were first found in Oahu; the other Stewartii, as Mr. Stewart was the first who ever carried them to America. Having passed the day very pleasantly, we took our supper, and reached Honolulu about sunset. We were somewhat fatigued, having walked fourteen miles that day. We bathed our feet in warm water, and slept sweetly.

"An opportunity at length offered for our return home. We touched at Lahaina on our

way; again embarked, and reached Kailua in safety. It looks very strangely to have no church. The meetings are now held in the school-house. It is not large enough to contain all the people, and many stand around the doors and windows. A new stone church is to be built."

Kaahumanu, whose name is here mentioned, was the favorite wife of the old king Kamehameha, and after the death of his son Liholiho, became queen-regent of the Sandwich Islands, and so continued till her death, in 1832, the present king being yet in his minority.

Kaahumanu was for more than thirty years a person of great authority in the islands. She was a woman of uncommon talents, and great energy of character—was naturally haughty and imperious, and as a cruel pagan ruler, was the fear and dread of the Hawaiian nation.

For a long time she stood aloof from the influence of the missionaries, was haughty, proud, and disdainful in their presence, and frequently passed them without speaking to them. But "the Gospel at length took hold of her mind, and through the influence of the Holy Ghost wrought a great and permanent

and salutary change in her character." She was admitted to the church in 1825. Soon after her conversion, she made a tour of the islands; the people were astonished at the change in her, and remarked that it was "not Kaahumanu, but Elizabeth"—the name given to her by the missionaries. She became distinguished for her humility, kindness, and the affability of her deportment, regarded the missionaries as her own children, and treated them with the kindness of maternal love.

Her influence and authority had long been paramount and undisputed with the natives, and was now discreetly used for the benefit of the nation. She visited the whole length and breadth of the islands, to recommend to her people attention to schools, and to the doctrines and duties of the word of God, and exerted all her influence to suppress vice and restrain the evils which threatened the ruin of her nation.

At the commencement of her last illness, she desired to be removed from her residence at Honolulu, to a house she had built in the beautiful valley of Manoa, about five miles distant. Here she calmly arranged her worldly affairs, and then directed her thoughts entirely to the

eternal realities before her. During her sickness, the New Testament was completed in the language of the country; a copy of it was brought to her on her dying bed, which she pressed to her bosom with great delight. Her hopes in her Saviour grew brighter and brighter to the end of her days, and one of her last expressions was, "I will go to Him, and shall be comforted."

Kaahumanu died on the 5th of June, 1832, not the death of the dark-minded heathen queen she once was, delighting in human sacrifices, and directing them in honor of her name; but the death of a Christian ruler, leaving her dying counsels to the missionaries, her messages of gratitude to the Christians in America, and her pious instructions for the promotion of the welfare of her nation.

CHAPTER VIII.

LUCY'S RELIGIOUS CHARACTER—LETTERS—JOURNAL.

From her earliest years, Lucy discovered a deep interest in religious truth. Her fixed attention, her thoughtful downcast eye, and the tear rolling down her cheek, even while a little child, as she listened to parental instruction, told plainly that the lessons of a Saviour's love sunk deep in her young heart. Indeed, so uniform was her love of religious duties, and her delight in the exercises of devotion, that her mother cannot look back to any period of Lucy's life, after she was able to comprehend the truths of the Gospel, when she had not a hope that she was a child of God.

One instance illustrative of her state of feeling, when quite a child, is this. She, in company with her parents and others, was returning from a visit to another station on their island. They were in a canoe, the sea was tempestuous, and their situation hazardous. Lucy was calm and collected, so that her mother did not suppose she apprehended danger. The next morning she said to her mother,

"If I had been drowned last night, I think I should have gone to heaven." "Why do you think so?" inquired her mother. "Because, mother, I delight to do the will of God," said the child.

It is well known to those who read the missionary journals, that the missionaries of the Sandwich Islands hold a yearly meeting for consultation, and other purposes. As the depository for the mission is at Honolulu, the yearly meeting has usually been held at this place. It is the custom of the missionaries to take their families, as generally as possible, with them; and thus they enjoy a delightful season of Christian fellowship and social intercourse. "The mission church of the Sandwich Islands," which is composed of the families of the missionaries, at this time celebrate the Lord's supper, and receive accessions to their number. Thus, once a year, these assembled families renew their covenant with one another and the Lord, and in their own native language enjoy the privileges of the sanctuary, and recount the wonderful works of God.

On an occasion of this kind, in the year 1835, there seemed to be a general feeling on

the subject of religion among the children of the missionaries. Special efforts were made to call up their attention, and much prayer was offered in their behalf. The Spirit descended, and a number of the lambs of this mission flock were hopefully converted unto the Lord.

Lucy refers to this season in her description of her visit to Honolulu, given in the preceding chapter. She—then about twelve years of age—and her older sister were among the number who at this time expressed a hope in Christ. Lucy exhibited deep feeling, but her mother remarks of her, "So uniform and consistent had been her previous life, that there was less visible change in her than in others." And in a letter to a missionary brother, a month or two after, Mrs. Thurston remarks, in alluding to the increased interest exhibited by the children, that "no particular change had taken place in Lucy's conduct; yet in saying this I ought to add, it has ever been as if the law of God was written in her heart."

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO CHARLES RICHARDS, WRITTEN SOON AFTER HER RETURN FROM HONOLULU.

"AUGUST 12, 1835.

. . . . . "I hope we shall meet again on earth, but if not, I hope we shall be prepared

to meet before the throne of God, never more to be separated. I hope that you love the Saviour. I pray for you every day, that you may become one of his lambs. 'Remember now your Creator in the days of your youth.' Keep near to God, and he will keep near to you."

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO THE REV. MR. COAN, DATED,

"OCTOBER 12, 1835.

. . . . . "We cannot thank you enough for the kind letters you sent us, and for the good advice they contained. I hope that I love the Saviour, and that he has forgiven my sins. We never forget you in our prayers, that the blessing of God may ever attend your labors. We wish to see you, and have such meetings as we used to have at Oahu. I hope we shall meet again, but we must always be prepared for death, whenever it may come. We often think of you, and of your great kindness and condescension to us. We often think of the text from which you preached at Oahu. 'Son, give me thine heart.'"

About this time Lucy commenced learning the native language, and soon after engaged with her sister in the instruction of the poor heathen. Her tender and affectionate heart

had always mourned over the desolations of heathenism, and now that she was permitted to learn their language, and thus have access to their benighted minds, she rejoiced in the privilege of aiding to impart the knowledge of salvation to the ignorant and degraded around her. From that period to the time of their embarkation for this country, these sisters, while engaged in acquiring their own education, and fitting themselves for more extended usefulness in maturer years, devoted more or less of their time to the instruction of native girls, on week-days; besides having the charge of classes in the Sabbath-school of their father's church.

JOURNAL.

"DEC. 13, 1835.—Persis and I have had a school the past year of little native girls. They are all under eight years of age. We teach them the alphabet, and they also make motions after the infant-school plan. About twenty attend. We love to teach them. Persis brought them forward the other day for examination.

"DEC. 30.—For several months Persis, Jane,* Sereno,* Asa, and myself, have met

* Mr. Bishop's children.

together every Monday afternoon for prayer. We take the lead by turns, according to our age. When we meet, we select some one of the children of the mission to pray for, during the week, and the next week we select another. These seasons are very pleasant, and we enjoy them much.

"We have each of us written to Mr. Coan, and he has answered us. His letters are full of religious instruction and good advice. We feel that we are greatly blessed, in being favored with such a friend and teacher.

"Feb. 17, 1836.—This afternoon we went to the funeral of Kekupuohe. She was very aged, probably about 90, and has lived under four different kings. She was the wife of Kalaiopu, the reigning king of Hawaii when Capt. Cook visited the islands. She joined the church in the year 1828, and has adorned her profession for eight years, when she was removed by death. Notwithstanding her age and impaired eyesight, she was indefatigable in her application to her book, until she was able to read the word of God. During her sickness she did not wish to engage in conversation of a worldly nature, but her thoughts

were fixed on heavenly things. She died peacefully, and we doubt not, has gone to that better world on high. The coffin was carried to Kealakeakua and deposited in one of the caves of the precipice.

"She was distinguished as a poetess, and was one of the only remaining two on the islands who composed the native *meles* or songs.

"The following lines are an extract from a song composed by her while on a visit to Mr. Ruggles, whose house was shaded by a luxuriant grape-vine."

[We omit the original, which Lucy has here inserted, and only give her translation of it.]

"Once only hath that appeared which is glorious,
It is wonderful, it is altogether holy;
It is a blooming glory; its nature is unwithering,
Rare is its stock, most singular, unrivalled,
One only True Vine. It is the Lord.

"The branch that adheres to it, becomes fruitful.
The fruit comes forth *fruit*, it is good fruit,
Whence its character is clearly made known.
Let the branch merely making fair show be cut off,
Lest the stock should be injuriously encumbered,
Lest it be also, by it, wrongfully burdened."

CHAPTER IX.

JOURNAL—SHE MAKES A PROFESSION OF RELIGION—LETTERS.

"March 18.—We expect to embrace an early opportunity to go down to Oahu. We leave Dr. Gairdner, an interesting young Scotchman from the Columbia river, who has been residing several weeks in our family. He is a physician and a naturalist. He was taken with bleeding at the lungs while at the Columbia, and some months after came to these islands for relief. He would have gone to his parents in Scotland, but he felt that he could not survive the voyage. He does not expect to live long. He was an infidel before his sickness, but this attack he considered as a call from Providence to prepare for death. We hope that he is truly pious. He joined Mr. Bingham's church at Honolulu. He spends much of his time in reading his Bible. He appears patient, cheerful, and resigned, and is a remarkable instance of calm composure in view of the prospects which lie before him. He is distinguished for the care and neatness with which he keeps all his things, and the regularity with which he spends his time. He

amuses himself by taking observations of the heat, weight, and moisture of the atmosphere.

"Honolulu, March 23, 1836.—Last Friday evening we left Kailua in the Packet, Capt. Gilbert, and arrived here Sunday morning. We have taken possession of the apartments formerly occupied by Dr. Judd, and commenced keeping house.

"March 25—Yesterday we spent the day at Capt. Little's, one of the foreign residents. His house is very pleasantly situated. There are two rooms below, with folding doors between, and two above. In the rooms below the plastering is painted green, which relieves the eye. Many beautiful pictures were hung up around the parlor. We dined at 2 o'clock. Five courses were served up, and we sat at table nearly two hours. Mrs. Thomson, a Spanish lady, called in. Her complexion was somewhat darker than that of the English. She was pretty and interesting in her appearance. She cannot speak English. Mrs. Little presented Persis and myself each with a straw bonnet.

"June 6.—The different families having assembled, the general meeting has commenced. Meetings for the children of the mission are

held every morning. Mr. Coan sometimes invites them to his room, where we enjoy many pleasant hours in receiving instruction. Mrs. Coan has a school every afternoon for the children.

"JUNE 19.—It was agreed upon by the mission to celebrate the Lord's supper to-day. A committee was chosen to examine and propound such of the children as wished to join the church. Mr. Coan, Mr. Spaulding, and Mr. Richards, together with the pastors of the church, met on Saturday evening. Persis and I went in. We were examined respecting our thoughts and feelings, and the practical truths of the Bible. We had prepared a short account of our views in wishing to unite with the church. After conversing together by themselves, they decided agreeably to our wishes. We attended the native church this forenoon. Mr. Bingham requested the congregation to remain a few minutes. Then asking Persis and myself to rise, and stand before the pulpit, he took our papers and commenced reading them, translating into Hawaiian as he went along. He then stated the approbation of the committee, and called for an expression

of the feelings of the church. The vote was unanimous. At two o'clock, P. M., the Lord's supper was celebrated in the school-house. My sister and myself came forward, and in the presence of angels and men consecrated ourselves to the service of the Lord. We then joined with our parents, and all our missionary friends, in commemorating the dying love of our Saviour, and partook of the elements of the broken body and shed blood of our Redeemer. Messrs. Bingham, Armstrong, and Coan addressed the church. It was a solemn and interesting season, never to be forgotten. May the Lord keep us from sin, and may we adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour, and be indeed the humble followers of the meek and lowly Jesus. [Lucy was now thirteen years of age.]

"JUNE 29.—Maternal meetings are frequently held among the ladies of the mission. Persis and I attend them. Subjects for essays were given out the year previous. Several were read which were very interesting.

"KAILUA, July 13.—We arrived yesterday, after a very comfortable passage from Honolulu.

"Kapulikoliko died last night of the dysentery. She was the daughter of Kamehameha the First. In former days, when she passed along, every native prostrated himself on the ground."

Lucy had now become a member of "the mission church of the Sandwich Islands," and young as she was, she adorned her profession. She was always distinguished for her retiring manners, and a peculiar modesty and reserve in the expression of her feelings; but her consistency of Christian character, the deep humility of her piety, and the loveliness of her deportment, were witnessed and admired by all with whom she had intercourse. The following letter was addressed to her shortly after her making a profession of religion. How much she valued such evidences of interest in her, and with what humility she received them, is often expressed in her journal and letters.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO LUCY FROM REV. MR. COAN.

"HILO, Oct. 28, 1836.

"MY DEAR YOUNG SISTER.—It is a long time since I have written to you, because of the great work God has given me to do. . . . . I have rejoiced over you that you have pro-

fessed to come out from the world, and 'put on the Lord Jesus Christ,' and I am deeply and constantly anxious to hear that you walk in the truth, that your conversation is in heaven, that you bring forth much fruit. . . . You are well aware that being in the church does not, of itself, make you better or safer. It does not *make* you a Christian. It only declares you to be one, and if you are not a child of God, this declaration is nothing but falsehood. I hope your path will be like the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. If you keep Christ's commandments it will be so, for he has said, 'If a man keep my sayings, he shall not walk in darkness, he shall have the light of life.' . . . I must close by saying to you, my dear young friend, set the Lord always before your face. Let him be on your right hand, then you will not be moved. Please write me whenever you can; I am always interested to hear from you, and still remember you before the throne of God.

"Your affectionate friend

"And brother in the Lord,

"TITUS COAN."

The next letter was addressed by Lucy to Charles Richards, just as he was about to leave the islands to receive his education in America. He died about three months after landing in this country, leaving precious evidence of piety. Lucy and Charles were nearly of an age, and often exchanged letters. They did not live to meet in America, but we trust they are now rejoicing together before their Father's throne.

"KAILUA, Nov. 11, 1836.

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND CHARLES—I improve this opportunity to write to you. It is probably the last time I shall do so before you leave these islands. I hope you will not forget us. Perhaps we shall not see you again. I hope, my dear friend, that you love your Saviour; if not, it is time. Oh, it is time that you did. Remember *now* your Creator in the days of your youth. We do not forget to pray for you daily, that you may become a child of God. Love Jesus. How can you help loving him when he is so kind to you? He loves you more than any body else. You know not how soon you may die, and you should be prepared for it. He has called away little Luke Lyons.

We know not whom he will call next. My dear friend, do love your Saviour. Obey him. . . . Mr. Coan has written a letter to each of us. They call their little son Titus Munson. If we should ever meet each other in America, we will see who has improved the most; you there, or we at the Sandwich Islands. I hope you will write to us when you get to America, and tell us how you like your situation, and whether you wish to get back. Tell us every thing. *Love Jesus.* These are my parting words to you. Will you not, my dear friend, promise to do so? Will you not from this time give yourself away to the Saviour? You have had a great deal of instruction. You know your duty; are you careful to do it? The Lord bless you. Love to your parents and to your dear brothers and sisters. Love Jesus, all of you. The Lord be with you, and lift upon you the light of his countenance, and give you peace. Do not forget to pray for us, do not cease to love us, do not neglect to write to us. Farewell.

"From your affectionate friend,

"LUCY G. THURSTON.

"To Master C. S. Richards, Lahaina, Maui."

CHAPTER X.

JOURNAL AND LETTERS WRITTEN WHEN LUCY WAS FROM THIRTEEN TO SIXTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

In the passages we have selected from Lucy's journal, illustrative of her progress from year to year, and the circumstances in which her character was developed, the reader may be surprised to find so few references to her religious feelings. This, however, is easily accounted for. This journal was not a private diary, but simply a record of fact and incident, assigned to her as a means of improvement, and submitted by her to the inspection of her mother. Her extreme reserve in all her communications respecting herself, would naturally prevent her from recording the exercises of her own heart in such a journal.

The extracts contained in this chapter, exhibit much of the progress of society in the heathen village of Kailua.

When Mrs. Thurston took up her abode upon these "rocky shores" with her two little ones, she wept with a Christian mother's grief, in view of the abominations with which they were

surrounded, and among which she had resolved to rear them. What then must have been her satisfaction, in beholding such a state of improvement as is here presented, and which she must have had no small share in effecting. What her joy, in having these two children such early helpers in the blessed work. Surely the missionary, with all his trials, does receive a hundred-fold, even in this life.

JOURNAL.

"Nov. 1836.—Father instructs us in Latin and Hawaiian. Mother directs our English studies, such as grammar, geography, natural philosophy, history, and arithmetic. For a year past, Persis, Asa and myself have been allowed to read any books in the Hawaiian language, and to communicate with the natives as teachers, but not as associates.

Our native school* was examined yesterday. There were one hundred and eighty scholars. They sat in three rows, sixty in each row. The first row were in their letters, the second in reading, and the third in writing and arithme-

* A village school, of which Mrs. Thurston was superintendent.

tic. A little girl five years old stood up in a chair, and made various motions with her hand for them all to imitate. Persis did the same. The natives pressed in to see, till the house was darkened. They then marched out, clapping their hands; any thing of this kind is very interesting to the natives. They remarked, 'Persis turned her hands, and there was lightning; she moved her feet, and there was an earthquake.'

"Dec. 15.—Keoua died this morning. She never recovered from the effects of her attack in August, and for a week before her death she lay in a state of insensibility. There has been much wailing among the people. They mourn for her as for a beloved mother. The governor is deeply affected by his loss; the natives say, no husband has ever mourned for his wife as he mourns for Keoua. We all went down to look at the remains. She was laid out upon a sofa, loosely dressed in white, with a beautiful feather wreath* around her neck. She had for several years been a member of the church, and sustained an unblemished character.

"Dec. 17.—We attended the funeral of

* A favorite ornament of the natives.

Keoua this afternoon. The chiefs and principal people were assembled at the house. Father made an address and led in prayer. The procession, composed of chiefs, friends, and church-members, was then formed. An immense crowd stood without the yard, and commenced wailing as soon as the coffin appeared. The bell tolled, and a heavy firing was kept up from the battery till the coffin was deposited in the cellar of the governor's wooden house.

"Feb. 4, 1837.—The new stone church was dedicated this afternoon. It is 120 feet in length, and 42 in width, being furnished with a steeple and vane, galleries and a pulpit. The pillars which support it are painted to resemble marble; which last cost about $500. Most of the people sit on settees and chairs of their own construction, which look very well. The governor himself has borne the whole expense of the carpenters' and masons' work. The people assisted by collecting stones, coral, and timber. The governor himself spent some time in the woods superintending the workmen while procuring timber. He has enacted several laws with reference to the church. After two

months, no woman will be allowed to enter it without a bonnet. Dogs are excluded. Several men are stationed above and below to keep order. Any one caught asleep, is rapped on the forehead with a long cane. He has also made a law for his own yard. Any woman entering it without a bonnet is condemned to have her hair shorn off close to her head."

These are some instances of the commendable efforts of the governor to introduce the customs of civilized society among his people.

Kuakini, governor of Hawaii, is one of the highest chiefs of the nation, and a brother of Kaahumanu. The name of John Adams was given him some years ago by a foreigner, which he prefers to his native name. He is a professor of religion, and has always shown himself a kind friend to the missionaries.

"Oct.—Dr. and Mrs. Andrews of the new reinforcement, who were appointed as our associates, arrived in September, and occupy the house Mr. Bishop left. We love and esteem them highly. They have very kindly offered to instruct us. We spend an hour every afternoon with Mrs. Andrews in drawing, and then recite a lesson in chemistry to the doctor. We

consider this a great privilege, and are very grateful to them for it."

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO MRS. SMITH.

"KAILUA, Dec. 4, 1837.

"MY DEAR MRS. SMITH—We are now attending to Latin, English history, geography, and chemistry.

"On Tuesday evening, Nov. 7th, the sea three times receded from its usual boundary. The first time, fourteen or twenty fathoms, to the place where Mr. French's vessel anchors when here. Three hundred men were carried off by the ocean. Twelve were picked up by boats, and eleven were drowned. All the rest escaped, but without a single kapa with which to cover them. Every thing within fifteen or twenty feet of high-water mark was swept away.....

"Your affectionate friend,

"LUCY G. THURSTON.

"MRS. ABBA W. SMITH, Honolulu."

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO MISS SMITH.

"KAILUA, March 15, 1838.

"MY DEAR MISS SMITH—I received your very acceptable letter, for which I thank you very much. I was happy to hear that you are ex-

pecting soon to teach the children of the missionaries. I hope you will do them much good.

"We have a school for learning the Hawaiian language two evenings in a week. We read in the Koikehonua (geography) and Helunaau, (Colburn's First Lessons,) and also write compositions for correction. Father is the teacher.

"Dr. Andrews has taken charge of two Sabbath-schools, one for adults and one for children. The children's school numbers over two hundred. Persis and I each have a class. The more forward scholars are taught from the Huliano, (Union Questions,) while the younger ones learn to read.

"Mother, Persis, and myself, each instruct a class of girls at our own house on Sunday afternoon, immediately after the afternoon service. The children appear serious, and many of them think they have turned to the Lord. Some of them, we trust, have truly repented. The church is filled on the Sabbath, and the people are attentive. A large number profess to have forsaken their sins. Forty-six are propounded for admission into the church, but none of the new converts. Mr. Lyons has

received 1,200 into his church since general meeting. At Hilo, 450 were to unite with the church the first Sabbath in March.

"Yours affectionately,

"L. G. THURSTON."

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS TO FRIENDS IN THE UNITED STATES.

"SEPT. 1838.—The governor has commenced a factory in this village for spinning and weaving cotton. There are about twenty wheels and about as many native girls spinning—two looms are in operation. One web of plain cloth, and another of twill has been woven by two native men. They are now making checked cloth. They succeed remarkably well. A few of the girls are learning to knit stockings.

"Formerly the native females wore no covering on their heads. They now wear bonnets made from the oat-straw and sugar-cane. They line them with white kapa,* which is thin like cambric, and trim them with kapa ribbon, colored in figures. They look very neatly. The most respectable among the natives adopt the American style of dress, and sit on chairs or settees of their own construction. The lower classes wear *kapa*, a cloth made from the bark

* Formerly written tapa.

of trees, and sit on mats. The females, almost without exception, now wear loose dresses. They also have a piece of *kapa* several yards long, and of two or three, and sometimes eight or ten thicknesses, which they wind around them from their hips and downward. They call it a *pau*. The food of the natives is *poi*, made from a large root called *kalo*,* which is baked in the ground, and then beaten up with water till it is of the consistence of hasty-pudding. They eat it with their fingers. Their houses are thatched with leaves, and instead of a floor the earth is spread with hay and covered with a mat.

"The governor has lately erected for himself a two-story stone house, surpassing in elegance any before built on the islands. The rooms are finished off with *koa*, a very handsome native wood resembling mahogany. The pillars and steps of the balcony in front, are painted to look like marble."

"KAILUA, Jan. 30, 1839.

"DEAR COUSIN ELIZABETH— ..... Several months previous to mother's sickness, while

* Formerly taro.

father was absent at the delegates' meeting, our family went, on account of health, five miles back into the mountain, to what we call our country-seat. The air there is much cooler and more invigorating than it is here. There was a good thatched house, but in a very strong wind it was partly thrown down. When we reached the place we found that the backside of the house up to the eaves, lay flat on the ground, and the front side leaned over, so as to form an angle of forty-five degrees, with a large opening in the roof. By the aid of a native, who was with us, we succeeded in propping it on both sides, and then ventured to spread our couches within a shelter so open and tottering. Whenever it rained, which happened half the time we were there, it came down through the opening in the roof and put out all our fire. We remained there several days, till a strong wind arose, when with the haste of the children of Israel in leaving Egypt, we quitted our threatening abode. Mother rode on horseback, Lauke, a native woman, carried Thomas on her back, and the rest of us walked, or rather ran. It rained, the roads were sometimes steep and slippery, and those who best maintained

their balance were most fortunate. During the few days that we spent in the mountain, we gathered specimens of plants for an herbarium. We also went into a large cave which is many miles long. It opens in our yard, up country, and opens in the yard here, where our dwelling-house is, near the sea-shore. We often take a subterraneous walk in it to the length of half a mile. We were all prepared to visit the volcano, but were prevented by mother's sickness. At Hilo, on the other side of the island, are very frequent earthquakes. They are very seldom felt at our station..... The entire Bible is about to be completed, translated into the Hawaiian language."

"March 3, 1839.—Our family and the doctor's have just returned from a visit to Napoopoo, for health, as mother and Dr. Andrews had not left home since their sickness. The excursion has proved beneficial to them. We were entertained with the greatest kindness by Mr. and Mrs. Forbes. One morning the three families started at five o'clock to visit the residence of Kapiolani, about two miles distant.

"At six o'clock we arrived at her new stone house. We were highly gratified by the im-

provement and good taste displayed by a Sandwich Islander. The rooms were neatly furnished in American style. The floors were carpeted with fine mats, and the windows curtained with light calico. A large thatched house stood in the same yard, the one she formerly occupied, which is now converted into a dining-room. A long table was spread for our refreshment, where the food was served up in a civilized manner. For the accommodation of her visitors during the night, she had three rooms, furnished with two beds, and three settees. The next day we returned to Mr. Forbes'. Persis, Asa, and myself accompanied Dr. Andrews in a single canoe to the place where Captain Cook fell. We obtained some specimens of the stone. On our return we visited the *heiau** where Obukahaia formerly worshipped. Two altars were pointed out to us by the natives, near which we picked up some decayed bones of the victims."

Kapiolani was one of the most distinguished of the female chiefs of the islands. She was the wife of Naihe, a high chief on the island of Hawaii, who was an early convert, and be-

* An idolatrous temple.

came one of the most influential Christian chiefs, and one of the ablest counsellors of the missionaries.

The conversion of Kapiolani, and her elevation in character, is perhaps one of the most delightful instances of the results of missionary labor. When the first missionaries arrived at the islands, she was not only ignorant and degraded, but extremely dissolute in all her habits. When first seen by the missionaries, she was lying on the ground in a state of beastly intoxication, and there was scarcely a person on the islands more given up to every species of vice.

Kapiolani was early converted to the truth, applied herself to study, readily adopted the manners and usages of civilized life, and soon became distinguished for devoted piety, for intelligence, and for dignity of manners. She took a bold stand against the vices and superstitions of her people, and exerted a decided influence in favor of Christianity.

The superstition respecting the imaginary deity of the great volcano, was one of most powerful influence upon the minds of the people of Hawaii. So ignorant were they of the

great phenomena of nature, that they supposed the eruptions of the volcano to be the effects of the anger of the presiding deity, called Pele. They never approached it without peace-offerings, and no native was ever known to descend into the crater. Early in the year 1825, Kapiolani crossed the island to stir up the people to instruction and worship. In her journey she passed near the great crater of Kilauea, and perceiving among the natives strong remains of superstitious reverence for Pele, she determined to show her utter disbelief in the existence and power of such a goddess, boldly descended into the crater, and there, in the presence of the people, worshipped Jehovah, as the Almighty Ruler of the elements.

So rapid was her improvement in knowledge and character, that the missionaries early styled her the "admirable Kapiolani," and have often remarked, that one could scarcely avoid the belief that she was educated among an enlightened people. In 1826, it was said of her, "Kapiolani is indeed a mother in Israel," and this character she has well sustained for sixteen years.

The news of the death of this very interest-

ing woman has just been received. She died on the 5th of May, 1841. In communicating the intelligence, Mr. Forbes writes, "The nation has lost one of its brightest ornaments. She was confessedly the most decided Christian, the most civilized in her manners, and the most thoroughly read in her Bible, of all the chiefs this nation ever had, and her equal in those respects is not left in the nation. Her last end was peace, and gave decided evidence that your missionaries have not labored in vain."

"Honolulu, June 5.—[The family were here attending general meeting.] The funeral of Kinau the queen-regent, was solemnized this afternoon. She was buried under arms. Mr. Bingham and Mr. Richards led the procession, the soldiers came next, the missionaries and foreign residents, and then the coffin, followed by the mourners. The coffin was conveyed on a hearse, drawn by natives, with a black silk canopy trimmed with lace. The coffin itself was covered with red velvet, and ornamented with gilt nails."

When the procession started, cannons were fired from the Punch-bowl hill and the fort, the

bell tolled, the drums sounded, and many of the people wailed. Mr. Bingham made an address in English, and preached an excellent sermon in Hawaiian..... After service, the remains were carried to their last resting-place. The nation has met with a great loss. Probably there is no one to fill her place as well as she has done.

"JUNE 7.—The corner-stone of the new native meeting-house was laid this afternoon. Under it were placed the Hawaiian Bible, an arithmetic, trigonometry, anatomy, a map of the islands, an engraving of Honolulu, and a brass plate with the date, etc., engraved on it. A prayer was offered, after which the people repaired to the meeting-house. Mr. Bingham preached from Haggai 1:9. The king, Auhea, and Kekuauoa, each addressed the people, exhorting them to build the house, etc.

"JUNE 9.— .... In the afternoon the Lord's supper was celebrated by the native church. Messrs. Bingham and Whitney led the services. The church was compared with what it was eighteen years ago, when on board the brig Thaddeus. Then it was composed of seven gentlemen, seven ladies, and three native youth.

Now there were more than forty missionaries, and fourteen thousand native converts in all the islands, including those deceased.

"JUNE 17.—We visited the museum belonging to the Sandwich Island Institute. There is a valuable library connected with it. Various specimens in conchology, geology, and natural history were arranged on shelves around the room.

"KANEOHE, July 9.—We left Honolulu this morning for this station—mother, Persis, and myself on horseback, Asa and father walked. While yet in sight of the harbor, we looked back, and saw the long-expected French frigate approaching.

"JULY 11.—This morning we received intelligence from Honolulu. The captain of the frigate brings orders from the French government to demand that Catholics have a free toleration throughout the islands, that a site for a church be granted them at Honolulu, and that $20,000 be given as a guarantee for the performance of these conditions. If these terms are not complied with in forty-eight hours, hostilities will commence on Friday noon. Protection is afforded to all the foreigners, but the

'Protestant clergymen' share the fate of the natives. The king is at Maui, and has been sent for, but he probably will not arrive this week. This day is observed by the mission as a day of fasting and prayer, in view of present prospects."

This recent outrage upon the government of the Sandwich Islands, is fresh in the minds of many readers; it is sufficient here to say, that no satisfaction has yet been rendered by the French government.

CHAPTER XI.

LUCY'S CHARACTER AND LABORS AS A TEACHER—LETTERS—PRAYERS IN THE HAWAIIAN LANGUAGE—LETTERS.

Lucy had long felt deeply the condition of the poor natives, and from the time that she made a profession of religion, she seemed to realize that new responsibilities rested upon her with regard to them. In her childhood she had not been permitted to speak to the heathen children around her, and in silent sympathy alone could her heart go forth to them. Now she was learning their language, and had commenced imparting knowledge to their benighted minds, and she became deeply interested in the spiritual welfare of the children she instructed. Her humble labors among them were like all her efforts, quiet and unobtrusive, and less known in their performance than in their results. But that she won their affections, and gained ready access to their hearts, was manifest from the influence she had over them, and the regard they ever had for her example and precepts. As soon as her

knowledge of the language enabled her to participate with them in such duties, it was Lucy's practice, on Sabbath afternoons, to gather her Sabbath-school class together in her chamber to read the Scriptures, to sing hymns, and (as was afterwards learned) to pray with them.

Before she was able to employ the native language readily in extemporaneous exercises, she prepared a series of short prayers, and translated them into Hawaiian, that she might employ them in leading her scholars to the throne of grace. She had used them some time before even her mother knew that she had ever attempted to pray with her scholars.

Lucy's little prayer-book is before me, having been found among her manuscripts. It contains eleven prayers, adapted to different circumstances and occasions, and I know the reader will be interested in a selection from them. And yet I am reminded how far it was from her thoughts, that these simple petitions, designed to be used in the retirement of her chamber, in raising the benighted souls of her Hawaiian scholars to the throne of a prayer-hearing God, would ever find a place in a printed book in America.

"Our Father, we bow before thee. Look upon us with compassion. Thou hast commanded us to pray unto thee, and here we are in thy presence. Wilt thou listen to the voice of our supplications. Write thy laws in our hearts. Lead us by thy right hand. Bless these scholars who are now before thee, and give unto them hearts willing to follow after thee. Great has been thy love and long-suffering towards them, but they have been unmindful of thee. Lord, thou knowest them all. If any do love thee, wilt thou strengthen them to do thy will. Pour out thy Spirit upon them all, that they may all become thy children. They are a flock of wandering lambs. O Jesus, thou art their Shepherd. Save them from evil, from sin, and from eternal death. Lead them in the narrow path to heaven. Deliver them from temptation, and evermore bless them all. For Christ's sake. Amen."

"Our Father who art in heaven, we bow in thy presence. We are a company of sinners, but for the sake of Christ who died on the cross, have mercy and forgive our numerous transgressions. Prepare us for the time when thou shalt call us from this world. Look upon these

scholars in thy love, and forgive all their sins against thee. Forsake them not, but lead them by thy right hand. Give unto each of them obedient, humble, and believing hearts. Be thou with them continually, that they may do that which is right in thy sight. Wash their souls in the atoning blood of Christ. Fill them with love to thee, and to each other. Look upon them in compassion, and grant unto them true repentance, for thou hast told us that now is the time to repent of, and forsake sin. If they delay this work, thy patience will be exhausted, and they will pursue their way to ruin. Prepare us all to meet in heaven, where we may dwell and praise thee throughout eternal ages. Amen."

"O Jehovah, our Lord and our God, we bless thee for this new Sabbath, and that we have been permitted to hear thine holy word. O Jesus, impress upon our hearts the instructions we have received. Bless these scholars who are now before thee. Pardon their sins, and wash their souls in the blood of Christ. Write their names in the Lamb's book of life. May they repent of their sins, and with fear flee to Jesus Christ, their refuge and salvation. Bless

Kealoha and Kahulipuni. They have vowed before thee and before men to follow thee. O Lord, dwell with them, and guide them in all that they do, that they may not fall into sin. Send thy Spirit down into their hearts, that they may be filled with love, and patience, and benevolence. May they serve thee in this world, and live with thee in heaven. Hear us for the righteousness of Christ. Amen."

Imagine, young reader, this dear girl of fourteen,* with a group of heathen children around her, bowing with them before her Father's throne. Think of her solicitude to pray with them, and to teach them to pray; that ere she could use their language, she sat down by herself and *studied* these simple prayers. Can you imagine a scene more interesting, or one upon which angels would more delight to look, than this in the chamber of the missionary's daughter? If he that converteth a sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, will not God delight to own and bless the labors of this young missionary to lead these "children of darkness" to the light of the Gospel? And though he early removed her

* This was her age when she composed these prayers.

from the field of her youthful labors, will not her prayers come up in remembrance before his throne, and her instructions be cherished to the saving benefit of immortal souls? Yes. The precious seed is not lost. Even in her lifetime, Lucy had the happiness to believe that several of her dear scholars had chosen the good part which cannot be taken away from them. Five of them were professors of religion when she left the islands.

She writes under date of Sept. 29, 1838, "Nearly fifty were received into the church this P. M., among whom were two of my dear scholars."

In these two individuals Lucy felt a peculiar interest. They were the first of her scholars who had professed the name of Christ. She knew their trials and temptations, and the great difficulties that attended their Christian profession, in the midst of the corrupt society around them. On this account, she often counselled, encouraged, and admonished them, and spent many seasons of prayer with them.

In describing her visit to Hilo, on her way to the volcano, she thus speaks of an interview with one of these professing scholars, who was

a member of Dr. Andrews' family, and who was then at Hilo with Mrs. Andrews.

"I had an opportunity of talking with my dear scholar Kealoha; she was very much affected at the thought of not seeing us again. She appeared very humble and penitent. I gave her my parting advice, and we prayed together probably for the last time."

Extract from a letter to Kealoha, written soon after Lucy's return to Kailua.

TRANSLATION.

"KAILUA, Sept. 12, 1839.

"LOVE TO YOU KEALOHA— ..... We were favored in reaching this place last week. At Kailikii we took a canoe. At one place the wind was strong, and the waves high, and we feared that we should sink. There was much water in the canoe. But God protected us, and we were preserved from danger. Let us praise him for his goodness.

"Last Sabbath when I met with my dear scholars we did not forget you. Are you at this time living with love to God? Examine yourself with care. I grieve because the time of our dwelling together has passed away.

Great is our love to this land, and to you also our dear scholars.

"Love to you. Watch yourself.

"From your affectionate teacher,

"L. G. THURSTON."

Kahulipuni, the other of the two referred to, was in very indigent circumstances. Lucy felt very much for her, because she was not suitably clad to appear in the house of God. She presented her case to her mother, and requested that a Sabbath suit might be given her. Mrs. Thurston replied, "You know, Lucy, I am about to make a dress for you, and that will take every yard of cloth there is remaining." Lucy replied, "I had much rather have Kahulipuni have a Sabbath dress, than to have one myself." A dress was given her. As Kahulipuni was not accustomed to her needle, Lucy cut it out and invited Kahulipuni to come and sit by her side, and taught her how to make it.

By such efforts for the spiritual and temporal welfare of her pupils, Lucy greatly endeared herself to them, and as the time drew near for her separation from them, they shed many tears of mutual regret and affection.

In a note to Kahulipuni, just before her departure from the islands, Lucy enclosed a lock of her hair, and inserted these four texts of Scripture, in the Hawaiian language.

"Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."—JOHN 6 : 37.

"Pray without ceasing."—1 THESS. 5 : 17.

"Quench not the Spirit."—1 THESS. 5 : 19.

"If ye love me, keep my commandments."

"Remember your affectionate teacher,

"LUCY G. THURSTON.

"LUKE G. TATINA."

Lucy received the following letter from Kealoha, a short time before sailing from Honolulu. It exhibits in an interesting manner, the social and religious affections of a converted heathen, and the original is inserted as a specimen of the language.

"KAILUA, June 29, 1840.

"ALOHA OE E LUKE, KUU KAIKUAANA ILAKO O KA HAKU—Ua nui kuu aloha ia oe. Ke aloha aku nei au ia oe i ka hiki ana mai o kau palapala iau. Aloha akuia Tatina wahine, ia Pakeke, a me Aka, a me Mele, a me Koma. Ua pilikia makou i ka mai o ke keiki a Kauka.

"Ke palapala nei au i keia palapala me kuu waimaka. Aloha oe i ka hele aku ma ka aina

malihini, aloe makou i ike. Ua pau ko kakou halawai ana ma keia ao. Ua nele au i ka mea paipai ole. Nui kuu hoomanao ana ia oe. Auhea oe e ke kumu aloha, mai hoopoina i kau haumana aloha. Aloha oe ka mea mana i kuhikuhi mai ma ka pono o ke Akua. Aole ke Akua i hoopai mai i kou noho ana. I keia wa, he naho ana aloha ia oe i ka makua ao mai i ka pono. Aole manao e hana i ka hewa, aka o ka naau, ua hana hewa i ke Akua.

"Ke aloha aku nei o Hana ia oukou a pau. Aloha oe ka hoahele o na kai ewalu mai Hawaii a Oahu. E ke kumu aloha e, aole hiki ke palapala i keia we, he pilikia. Aloha oe ka i manao mai i ka haumana.

"Na kau haumana aloha,

"KEALOHA."*

TRANSLATION.

"KAILUA, June 29, 1840.

"LOVE TO YOU, LUCY, MY ELDER SISTER IN THE LORD—My affection for you is very great. I loved you when I received the letter you wrote me. Give my love to Mrs. Thurston, to Persis, Asa, Mary, and Thomas. We are in strait-

* Her name, Kealoha, means *love*.

ened circumstances on account of the sickness of the doctor's child.

"I write this letter with tears. I have great love for you, because you was going to a strange land which we have never seen. The time for our meeting together in this world has passed away. I have lost the one who often reminded me of my duty. I often remember you. Where are you, my beloved teacher? forget not your scholar who loved you. Love to you who instructed me in the righteousness of God. God has not rewarded me according to the manner in which I have lived. At this time I am swelling with love to you the mother (teacher) who taught me the right way. I do not desire to do wrong, but my heart sins against God.

"Hana sends love to you all. Love to you my fellow-voyager in the eight seas* from Hawaii to Oahu. Beloved teacher, I cannot write more now, for it is a straitened time. Love to you who thought on your scholar.

"Your affectionate scholar,

"KEALOHA."

* The "*eight seas*," are eight channels, situated between Hawaii and Oahu, over which they had passed together at a former period.

Lucy did not forget her scholars when new scenes surrounded her, and new occupations engaged her attention. She addressed a letter to her little flock, while stopping at the Society Islands, on her voyage to America, and continued to speak of them with affectionate solicitude till the close of her life.

The last night but one before her death, to a friend who was watching by her bedside, and who was conversing with her as to the probable result of her sickness, she remarked, that it had been the most ardent desire of her heart to be fitted to return to her native land, and to spend her life in laboring for the salvation of the children of Hawaii; but that God knew best, and she was willing to submit entirely to his will.

Lucy's scholars have not forgotten her. They have already mourned and wept her early death, but they will cherish the remembrance of her character and precepts. They and the native church in which her father labors, and in which her example shone, will long remember her as a sweet and gentle spirit, that lived and moved among them for a little season, and then soared upward to a fairer clime.

Perhaps many a fair daughter of Christian America will read this chapter, who has never yet thought of any means of making herself useful—many a young professor of religion, who has never yet entered upon *active* service in the cause of her divine Master. Perhaps some young Sabbath-school teacher, who has never gathered the dear children of her class around her, to lead them to the throne of grace in prayer. Perhaps some female professor of maturer years, who has never met her Christian sisters in the retired apartment consecrated to their prayers, nor mingled her petitions with theirs for the prosperity of Zion, and the conversion of the world.

To each of these, the simple story of Lucy Thurston's humble labors presents more useful, practical lessons, than the entire lives of many whom the world calls illustrious, and whose names and deeds are placed upon its brightest records.*

* Since the preparation of this work, and on the anniversary of her death, two letters addressed to Lucy have been received from the two scholars named in this chapter.

Kealoha writes, "My heart is heavy because of our separation. I do not forget your instructions, but I lay

them up in my heart. I remember you often every day." She sends her "love to all the girls in the United States," and assures her beloved teacher, that her love to her will never cease.

Kahulipuni says, "I love you. At this time I am dwelling according to the instruction which you gave me to 'follow after Jesus.' My affection is very great for you all, for you have been like parents to lead me in the ways of righteousness. Give my love to all the daughters of that country, and to the church-members."

CHAPTER XII.

DESCRIPTION OF A TOUR AROUND HAWAII—VISIT TO THE VOLCANO.

THE summer before his family left the islands, Mr. Thurston made a tour around Hawaii with them, for the purpose of visiting the various missionary stations, and of making his children acquainted with the interesting natural features of the island. The following description of this "tour of pleasure," written soon after their return, presents a novelty of circumstances and modes of travelling, and a variety of incident, which cannot fail to make it interesting to the reader, though written for no other purpose than her own improvement and pleasure by a girl of sixteen.

"KAILUA, Sept. 1839.—We concluded to make a tour of this island, for the purpose of visiting the various stations, and the volcano, before embarking for America. It would not be lost time for father, as it would afford him an opportunity of preaching to those who seldom hear instruction. We packed our clothes in two large calabashes. A crib was fitted up with a pole on each side for the accommoda-

tion of the two younger children in travelling; also two chairs in the same manner for mother, Persis, and myself to ride in occasionally. Each of these was carried by two natives.

"On Wednesday morning, the 7th of August, we left Kailua. Ten native men accompanied us to carry our travelling chairs and baggage. We walked five miles up the side of the mountain, where we entered the road that leads to Kiholo, a place twenty miles north of Kailua. Here we were overtaken by a copious shower of rain. M. and T. in their covered crib escaped; but the rest of us, who pursued our way on foot, protected only by umbrellas and shawls, soon found that our feet and the lower part of our garments were completely soaked. After travelling about fifteen miles, occasionally resting by taking a short ride in the chairs, we came to an open space in the road, shaded by lofty kukui-trees. There we seated ourselves on the large stones. A fire was kindled, and we succeeded in drying some of our clothes. Our lowly table was soon prepared, by spreading large leaves upon the ground, upon which our cold provisions were

placed. Exercise prepared us to partake with keen appetites.

"At 3 o'clock we proceeded on our journey. Passed several streams of lava, which issued forty years ago from an ancient crater. It was very evident that it had once been in a state of fusion. The rugged fragments were lying around, in every variety of shape and position. These streams were from a quarter to half a mile in width, and not a single vegetable appears. About 9 o'clock we arrived at Kiholo, weary and hungry. All was still in the village, but awakening the inmates of one of the houses, we were directed to a new kalau, and furnished with a mat on which to sleep. This we spread upon the sand which formed the floor of the house, and taking some clothes from our calabashes for pillows, we made a bed, which fatigue rendered grateful to our weary limbs. After supper and prayers, we threw ourselves down, and slept as soundly as though we had reposed upon feathers. We left many articles unpacked until morning directly before the open door, but nothing was missing. In the morning the people of the place collected around the house, and father preached to them.

We then proceeded on our way..... Came to a tract of smooth lava several miles in extent, which cooled in running from the crater. It was very good walking. When we had advanced nearly to the middle of it, we turned to take a view of the surrounding scenery. As far as the eye could reach, nothing could be seen but rough and frightful masses of black lava. Not a breath of air was stirring, and the noonday sun shining in all his strength almost overpowered us. We found a cave near the path, where we rested for a few minutes, grateful for the shade it afforded. After crossing this dreary region, we came to a grove of cocoanut-trees, standing in the midst of a beautiful grass-plot. Never was the sight of verdure more refreshing. Exhausted with fatigue and heat, we threw ourselves on the grass, while the men climbed the trees for cocoanuts. We reached Kowaihae about sunset. Puna and his wife, the principal people of the place, cordially invited us to lodge in their stone house. The room was furnished with beds, made up in a civilized manner. The next morning Puna furnished us with two single canoes to transport us to Kohala, a distance of fifteen

miles. Our family embarked in one canoe, and reached the landing-place at noon. Father addressed the people of the place, who gave good attention. We then started on foot for the missionary station, ten miles inland. The trade winds blew freshly, driving the cold rain directly into our faces. The road was ascending, a greater part of the way, and very fatiguing. However, we kept on, and at 6 o'clock, thoroughly drenched, we reached the mission houses..... This would be a pleasant station were it not for the frequent rains and high winds. On Sunday, father preached both parts of the day to large and attentive audiences. This is a new station, and the people appeared more rude and uncivilized than at Kailua.

"On Monday morning we left for Waimea, thirty miles distant. Mr. Bliss kindly lent us his horse, which accommodated five of us by turns, walking the rest of the time.

"Dined in a grove of trees. Saw Venus at noonday, in the bright sunshine. Night overtook us before we cleared the woods..... We witnessed for the first time the occultation of Venus. After walking several hours in the dark, picking our way over steep hills, rough

stones, and decayed trees, we reached the high road that leads to Mr. Lyon's house. Several streams of water lay across our path, over which we were carried by the natives. At half past 10 we arrived at Mr. Lyon's house, extremely tired and faint. A warm reception from our friends, a warm supper, and a good night's rest restored us in a measure.

"On Wednesday we left Waimea for Hilo. Three horses were kindly lent us. Our journey was very pleasant, the road leading along the northern side of Mauna Kea, an uninhabited region. The country was interspersed with koa-trees. A species of white moss covered all the branches of the old trees, which had a singular and beautiful appearance.

"At dark we stopped, and looking around for a resting-place for the night, discovered a large tree which had fallen. On one side of it we spread our mat, and built a large fire in front. It was so cold that the vapor of our breath became visible. We slept very comfortably under the broad canopy of heaven, though in the morning we found our clothes considerably damp with the dew..... We were now on the eastern side of Mauna Kea, at an

elevation of several thousand feet. We had a view of the ocean, which appeared to rise like a high mountain above the clouds. The atmosphere was very cool, and somewhat thinner than on the shore: we found that we were more easily fatigued than when on lower land. Saw several herds of wild cattle at a distance. We passed great numbers of carcasses which had been left by the hunters, after being deprived of their hides.

"About sundown we arrived at the edge of the woodland, which extends for sixteen miles towards the sea-coast. Here the scenery was enchanting. Behind us towered the heights of Mauna Kea, the sides of which were beautifully sprinkled with clumps of trees. Before us we saw the *upper* side of the fleecy clouds, resting gracefully on the tops of the trees, contrasting strongly with the dark shrubbery which forms the outskirts of the dense forest. Beyond this delightful prospect arose the 'illimitable sea.' On the right the blue peaks of Mauna Loa were visible in the distance. The whole scene was calculated to inspire the beholder with emotions of sublimity, and lead the mind from nature's works to their wonderful Creator.

"A little cave in the neighborhood afforded us a shelter for the night. It was not high enough to allow us to stand. The bottom was very damp, and the water dropped from the roof. Really it was not a very inviting place to spend the night, but we were obliged to make the best of it. Father and the men obtained a supply of wood from the forest, with which a fire was kept up during the night.

"Early in the morning the guide and horses returned to Waimea, and we entered the woods. We had been told that it was eight miles through, and we expected to reach the other side by noon. The road became very muddy, but we endeavored to avoid it by throwing down branches to form a bridge, or by passing through the thick brakes on the side of the road. We were all in high spirits, and when any little accident occurred, the woods resounded with echoes of merriment. We travelled through mud and water, over slippery bogs and stumps, till we could scarcely see the road before us. We then sent one man ahead, to see whether we were near the edge of the woods, and another to find solid ground where we might pass the night. The latter soon hailed

us, and we went on feeling our way, till we arrived at a little eminence by the road-side, which, though very wet, would allow us to stand on it without sinking. Here we seated ourselves, cold and weary, our clothes saturated with water and well beplastered with mud. A fire was the first thing thought of. No dry wood was to be had, as every thing in the vicinity was soaked with rain. What was to be done? By taking one of the poles belonging to the crib, splitting it, and rubbing two pieces together for some time, the natives lighted the lamp, but despaired of being able to kindle a fire. Mother used all her eloquence to encourage them, and they collected some green wood, cut it into small pieces, and in the course of three hours, a comfortable fire was built. Meanwhile father, mother, Persis, Asa, and myself, with some of the natives, gathered a quantity of fern and spread it on the ground, over which the mat was laid. A few brakes were set up on one side, which served as a slight screen from the wind. We changed our wet garments, and lay down supperless; as our provisions were nearly exhausted, and we knew not how much farther we might be obliged to

walk, having apprehensions that we had lost our way. The next morning we breakfasted upon dry fish and sour poi, without any water to moisten our lips. Pursuing our journey, the road waxed worse and worse. About noon, to our inexpressible joy, we saw a white man, who, hearing of our situation by the native that we sent ahead the night previous, kindly came to our assistance. He told us that two miles yet remained before reaching the good road, and that the worst part of the way was yet before us. Had it not been for his exertions here, we might have been in distressing circumstances. We were now eight miles from the shore, and hastening on, met a messenger from Mrs. Coan with food and notes of welcome. At nine in the evening we reached the village, and in the warm embraces of our beloved friends we forgot our fatigues.

"We arrived on Saturday evening. The next day father preached to an attentive congregation. We were very lame for several days in consequence of our fatigues.

"One afternoon we accompanied Dr. Andrews and family to the cascade of the Rainbow, a mile and a half from the village. It is

a beautiful waterfall, pouring down one hundred and ten feet from the rocky cliffs into the basin below.

"The next Sabbath we attended the native services, which were very interesting. In the afternoon the mission family assembled at the house of Mr. Wilcox, and had a solemn and affecting season of prayer together.

"On Monday, at 10 o'clock, a parting meeting was held at Mr. Coan's. With many tears we bade farewell to our beloved friends, not expecting to meet them again in this world. They bountifully supplied us with comforts for the journey. We started for the volcano on horseback; Mr. Mack, a foreigner, accompanying us as guide. After travelling the next day till sunset, the smoke and steam issuing from the chasms around, warned us of our near approach to the volcano. We suddenly came upon the brink of that awful place, nine miles in circumference, and one thousand five hundred feet in depth. It was so obscured by smoke that the fires were scarcely visible. We found a little hut at the edge of the crater, one corner of which was only two feet from the brink. Here we concluded to spend the night,

as it was a fine situation to watch the object of our curiosity. The mountain air was quite cool and a fire grateful. In the course of the night, the smoke cleared away and the sight of the raging fires was fearful. The unearthly sounds they emitted, heard distinctly at the distance of two miles, added much to the effect. We arose several times during the night to gaze at the scene before us.

"The next morning we descended the side, sometimes passing within a few inches of a frightful chasm. The bottom of the crater was covered with a brittle shining crust, which often broke under our weight. We visited a large lake in the centre about one-third of a mile in diameter. The liquid lava boiled and foamed with great fury. Mr. Mack stood on the brink and with a long pole obtained some specimens from the liquid lava. By the side of the lake we picked up little shining pieces which had been thrown out by an eruption. The lava now boiled up higher and higher, and we quitted the place in haste. Proceeding to a distant part, we were greatly annoyed by smoke and sulphurous gas from the cones, a few inspirations of which would probably prove fatal.

"At length we stood on the overhanging brink of the great south-western lake. It was in violent agitation, and presented a most terrific appearance. It was indeed a fit emblem of the lake of fire and brimstone that burneth for ever and ever. On the borders of that fiery lake we took a luncheon of pineapples and cakes, and returned by way of the sulphur banks. For a considerable distance, the lava over which we walked was so hot that we could not hold it an instant in our hands.

"After witnessing many fearful exhibitions of the Creator's power, we reached our little hut at four o'clock, excessively weary. We obtained many specimens, which we sent to Hilo to be packed and forwarded to Honolulu.

"During the night the action was more violent than before. We saw fine eruptions, in which the redhot stones were thrown to the height of fifty or sixty feet. A new lake broke out and burned brightly during the night. We realized more than when in the crater, that we had been exposed to imminent danger, yet no life has ever been lost there.

"The next morning Mr. Mack returned to Hilo, and we left the volcano, directing our

steps to the southern part of the island. Light pumice-stone and volcanic capillary glass was seen in abundance for several miles. The road, for the greater part of the way, led over beds of sand and tracts of rugged lava. At sunset we reached Kapapala, having walked a distance of twenty miles. The soles of our feet were much blistered, probably the effects of walking in the hot volcano.

"On Friday afternoon reached Punaluu, where we passed the night. Father addressed the people and married a couple. Saturday night arrived at Waiohunu, having stopped three times to meet with the people.

"We spent the Sabbath at Waiohunu. Father conducted public worship under a beautiful grove of kukui-trees. The people there greatly need a teacher. They are seldom privileged with hearing the Gospel. This is an eligible place for a missionary station. The people were very kind to us, and it was painful to leave them so destitute of instruction.

"On Monday we descended a precipice three hundred feet high, and reached the shore at four o'clock. We were obliged to wait till the next day at noon, before we could proceed, as

the people were required to work for the king. Our family with six natives embarked in a single canoe, the baggage and several of the men being in a smaller one. The sea was quite rough when we started, but after being out a few hours the waves ran very high. The long swells threatened to capsize or fill our canoes. We went on so for some distance, the waves increasing all the time, till we came to a little cove, where we stopped to lighten our canoe. It was impossible to land, as the shore was formed of high rocks. Expecting to be upset, we prepared ourselves by taking off our bonnets, shawls, shoes, etc. We again put out into the heavy swells. The waves dashed over us, and at one time the canoe was a third full of water. But we were mercifully protected, and soon reached smooth water. The sail was put up, and we advanced rapidly, and landed at a little village at dark. We were directed to an empty house, where we assembled round our lowly board, partook of the provisions prepared for us, committed ourselves to the guardian care of our heavenly Father, and composed ourselves to rest.

"Before daylight we started off, and arrived

at Kaawaloa about two o'clock, P. M., and immediately went to the houses of Messrs. Forbes and Ives, where we enjoyed a pleasant season of social intercourse. We arrived at Kailua the next day, after an absence of four weeks. Surely the goodness of the Lord has followed us when exposed to perils by sea and by land."

CHAPTER XIII.

LETTERS TO LUCY FROM MISSIONARIES.

As one object, in the preparation of this work, has been to bring to view the means of improvement within the reach of missionaries in educating their children, and as Lucy's correspondence with missionary friends was considered by her parents an important advantage, as well as an abundant source of pleasure to her, it has seemed desirable to insert a few of these letters addressed to Lucy. Though done without the permission of the writers, it is believed the end in view will justify the liberty thus taken.

It is pleasant to know, that far off in those distant isles there is now a large band of intelligent, educated Christians, who enjoy occasional intercourse with each other, whose families are linked together by ties of affection, and who feel a tender interest in the children of the mission. These letters of pious friendship, which were addressed to Lucy in her childhood and youth, were placed among her

choicest treasures, and often perused after she had left her native shores.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF MRS. S. TO LUCY.

"HONOLULU, Jan. 24, 1838.

"MY DEAR LUCY— . . . I thank you for your pleasant note. I wish you would write me often. . . . . I hope that you, and Persis, and Mary will excel in the management of domestic affairs. This is an important part of education, and I am sometimes afraid the dear children of the missionaries will fail in this branch.

"We are quietly settled at our new station, and find abundance to do. A large number are turning with their bodies to the *pono*,* and we have reason to think some are turning with their hearts also. We have at least 1,000 hearers on the Sabbath: 280 in the children's school. I have established a weekly prayer-meeting. But oh, how filthy and uncomfortable this poor people do live. We have commenced visiting from house to house, and design, if health is allowed us, to do much in this way. We must make strenuous efforts to civilize and elevate this people, as well as

* Right way.

to make them Christians. I wish you would tell me how the people live at Kailua. I suppose they all have partitions in their houses, and I hope they keep them clean, and take care of their children, and wear clean clothes, and hats, and bonnets, etc. But indeed our new people do not. Pray for us, that the Lord will bless our labors among them. . . . Believe me your affectionate friend,

"A. W. S.

"Miss L. G. THURSTON."

LETTER FROM MRS. C.

"HANA MAUI, Feb. 19, 1838.

"MY DEAR LUCY—. . . . . Family cares are new to me, and perhaps therefore I am less skilful in disposing of them than your mother is, after her long experience. It is by practice that people become expert in any thing they attempt to perform. Practice, however, does not always make perfect; sometimes for the want of care, and sometimes perhaps from the want of sufficient genius. This, my dear Lucy, may furnish a profitable subject for you, as you are now young, and have many things yet to learn before you can become perfect in knowledge. . . . .

"You have but just commenced an existence, every hour of which will increase your knowledge of good or evil. You will doubtless see many things that will fill your heart with grief, and cause the tears of sorrow to flow profusely. This is a world of sin, and consequently of suffering. You have seen much practical exhibition of this in the natives with whom you are surrounded. But you perhaps think they are heathen, and therefore more wretched than people of enlightened countries. This is true, and their situation is truly deplorable; but their sufferings are probably not much greater than those of the people of Christian countries, because they are less sensible of their wretchedness. The more enlightened we are, the more susceptible we are to suffering. Lord B. was a man of great intellect and great wealth, was admired by thousands, and one of the lords of England, and yet I suppose he suffered almost infinitely more than any native on these islands can suffer in this life. His mind was too great to take pleasure in the things of time, and he had no heart to love God, therefore he could derive no happiness from loving and serving him. So it is,

Lucy: intelligent minds cannot be satisfied with earth, however much they may desire the things of it; and if they derive no pleasure in meditation upon God and the things of eternity, with the whole world at their feet, they will still sigh for happiness, and groan under the infirmities of the flesh, until death comes and erases their names from the records of time, and calls them to appear before an offended God.

"But the sufferings of humanity are not all that you have to learn. If you are what you profess to be, one of Christ's little ones, you have to learn to imitate his examples and perfections. You have faith, patience, humility, and benevolence, yea, every Christian grace to learn more perfectly. You have yet to learn how to live—how to die. This is the work of time, and for this you must learn to watch and pray constantly. Satan has many snares to lay at your feet, many temptations to allure you from the pursuit of holiness. You have to learn how to defeat his purpose and gain the victory over all sin.

* * * * *

"I wish I could see your excellent mother,

and call her by that endearing name. I shall be happy to hear from you often.

"Affectionately yours,

"A. L. C."

LETTER FROM MISS M. M. S.

"Honolulu, March 7, 1838.

. . . . . "I feel interested to know how you progress in your studies this season, and what are your plans. I rejoice that you can avail yourselves of the aid and society of Mrs. A. Strive, while you have the privilege, to improve in science, in manners, and in conversation. . . . . But more than every thing else, study to cultivate a meek and quiet spirit, which is of great price in the sight of God. Are you diligent and earnest in seeking deliverance from sin, in mortifying the deeds of the body, that you may live for Christ alone?

"We rejoice to hear that God is visiting you with some mercy drops. May they continue to increase, till there is no room to receive more. There is much interest at each of the stations at Oahu. The Lord shows himself waiting to be gracious, and save dying souls.

"Your true friend,

"M. M. S."

LETTER FROM MRS. A. DURING A TEMPORARY ABSENCE FROM KAILUA.

"KEALAKEKUA, August 14, 1838.

"MY DEAR LUCY—Your very acceptable note just came to hand. I need not assure you that we were glad to hear from Kailua, but especially from the loved circle at Laniakea.* We hope soon to join you again. . . . . Now that your time is so systematically assigned for study, I hope you will not soon be interrupted again. You are not probably fully aware of the rich literary privileges which you now enjoy. With your kind parents for instructors, the most of your time at command, and endowed by your beneficent Creator with capacities for high intellectual culture, surely there is no sufficient reason why you may not rise to eminence as a scholar, and be qualified to adorn any circle into which Providence may cast your lot. It is recorded of the most distinguished scholars, as well as of most others celebrated for whatever is of 'good report,'

* A name given to Mr. Thurston's residence, from a remarkable cave near it bearing that name, and mentioned in Lucy's journal.

that they were very prudent of the fragments of time. . . . .

"In much love, I am ever yours,

"Very affectionately,

"P. P. A.

"Miss L. G. Thurston."

LETTER FROM MRS. S. TO PERSIS AND LUCY.

"Honolulu, October 30, 1838.

"My dear Girls—I have heard with deep sorrow of the severe affliction that has fallen upon your dear mother. . . . .

"We were thankful indeed, that she was not cut off by the first stroke, and that she yet lives, and has a prospect of some degree of health. And it is our earnest prayer that God will remove entirely his chastening hand, and restore her to former vigor. But possibly such may not be his good pleasure; and if not, I hope and trust he will grant you all a sweet submission to his divine will.

"In the meantime, I trust you will both feel the great responsibilities resting upon you, as the eldest daughters of a large family. You will endeavor to put in practice the excellent instruction you have received, and carefully follow the example of her who has labored so

unweariedly to form your characters for usefulness, in the more trying as well as pleasant scenes of life.

"Endeavor to give such attention to the domestic comfort of the family, and the care of the younger children, as shall secure your dear mother from anxiety, and enable both your parents to feel that the labor of years has not been lost upon you. You will feel more than ever the importance of leading prayerful lives, and lives of strict watchfulness. From God, your heavenly Father, must come your help to enable you to perform all your duties in a right spirit. I feel much for you all, and should love to be near you, that I might aid in any way the promotion of your comfort. I have not forgotten the kindness I have received from your dear mother in seasons of affliction.

"Give my love and tender sympathies to your dear parents.

"Very affectionately,

"A. W. S.

LETTER FROM REV. MR. FORBES.

"KEALAKEKUA, Jan. 27, 1840.

"MY DEAR FRIEND LUCY—I have complied with your very modest request; you asked me

to write your name and mine. You will, therefore, not complain that I have not written some elegant motto. To such things you know I can lay no claim. I am pleased with your plan for laying out your money.* May God bless your books to you. "Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom, and with all thy gettings get understanding," is the direction of Him who knows our wants better than we do ourselves. Nothing that I can hear of you and your prosperity will fix in my mind a firm conviction of your wisdom, like the intelligence that you *live for Christ;* this, my dear young friend, is the great end of our existence; but O, what a withering blight will rest on your whole moral being, should you set your standard by the fashion in religion, and by the caprice of a restless, vain world. May you indeed walk worthy of your vocation, and be as a light in the midst of a perverse generation. A thousand things will demand

* A present from Mr. Forbes to be used in any way she chose when she should reach America. Lucy wrote to him, that she should appropriate it to the purchase of books, and requested Mr. F. to write his name and hers on some slips of paper that she might paste in the books.

your time and attention, and you will ever find it difficult to do the *best* things in the *best* manner. It might not be either wise or proper for us to ask you to spend, in writing to us, that time which a thousand more important calls will demand. But should you ever, during the long weary days of an American summer, or the cold lonesome evenings of an American winter, find two or three leisure hours, which you are not conscious could be better spent, be assured we will feel much gratified and highly obliged, should they be devoted to writing to your sincere friends in Kealakekua. Pardon this ravelled sentence, if you can unravel it. I simply meant to say, that we should be truly glad to have a letter from Lucy.

"Mrs. F. cannot write now, but sends her best wishes as usual.

"With much love to all, believe me ever sincerely your friend and brother,

"C. FORBES."

LETTER FROM MRS. A.

"KAILUA, June 25, 1840.

"MY DEAR LUCY— . . . . . The weeks pass rapidly away, and will soon bring in their flight the time of your departure from these shores.

You are about to enter upon a new scene of things; much that will be trying to human nature will probably fall to your lot; but as your day is, so assuredly will your strength be, if you avail yourself of the aid which you have ever been taught to seek and value above all that is human. Honor the Saviour wherever you are, and he will honor you, and deliver you from every strait. Let the Scriptures be the guide of your youth. Temptation to neglect the sacred volume will be strong; but be steadfast, immovable, always abounding in every good word and work. Only follow its unerring dictates, and you have nothing to fear. I have never had a doubt but that you will be successful, and act well your part in life. Ever rest assured of my most ardent wishes for your happiness and usefulness. We may meet no more on earth, but I love to cherish the hope that we shall both yet labor together in this vineyard. Do write to us as there is opportunity while you remain at Honolulu, and not forget to do the same when you leave.

"Most affectionately your sister,

"P. P. A."

CHAPTER XIV.

JOURNAL—LUCY AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN—LETTERS WRITTEN IN VIEW OF HER DEPARTURE FROM THE ISLANDS.

"JAN. 1, 1840.—Another year has quickly flown. The Lord has spared me to enter upon this new year. O may I examine my feelings and actions during the past, and in future be more devoted to the service of my Lord.

"JAN. 2.—Have received the affecting intelligence of the death of Gerrit Judd. He died after a sickness of four days. We little thought, at the last general meeting, that the healthy and blooming Gerrit would so soon be removed from this world. His mother writes that he gave precious evidence of now resting in the bosom of the Saviour. O that this death might be sanctified to the children of the mission, and warn us to be prepared to follow him to the world of spirits."

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO MISS SMITH.

"KAILUA, Feb. 29, 1840.

"MY DEAR MISS S.—We had not heard from you, nor our other friends at Honolulu, for a long time, till yesterday. Our family have written but few letters, as we have had a great

pressure of employment since general meeting. Here we are still in our own home at Kailua, waiting till Providence shall open a way for our departure.

"We were very glad to hear from Mrs. Castle. We had not heard from her before since her visit here. We sympathize with her and Mrs. Chamberlain in their afflictions. But whatever God does, is done *well*.

"We have not done much at study the past year. Should we meet at the general meeting, we shall love to give you some account of our travels around the island, and visit to the volcano. The governor has returned, has taken a wife from Hilo, a girl about eighteen years of age.

"An interesting state of things still continues at this place. Meetings are full on the Sabbath, and the people attentive.

"I suppose your scholars have made considerable progress in study since the last general meeting. How do they feel about the death of Gerrit? May the sudden removal of one of their companions be blessed to them all, and may they feel the importance of being in a state of preparation. Thank Mrs. Cook for

her song. Much love to all our friends. Remember me affectionately to Mrs. Castle.*

"From your friend,

"LUCY G. THURSTON."

"April 2.—This day is set apart to prepare for the Sabbath. O Lord, wilt thou help me to examine myself this day, to see whether I am in the faith. May I consecrate myself anew to thee this day. Give me grace to perform all my duties aright. May I daily think more of Him whose blood was shed on the cross.

"April 25, 1840.—This is the seventeenth anniversary of my birthday. Lord, how can I express to thee the gratitude I owe thee for all the blessings I have received from my youth up. Help me to devote myself more unreservedly to the service of God, and may this year be spent in doing good. Be thou my portion and my all.

"Honolulu, May 26.—To-day father received a letter from Mr. Baldwin, giving the particu-

* Mrs. Castle died of consumption, at Honolulu, March 5, 1841, ten days after Lucy's death. Mrs. C. was a woman of uncommon loveliness and devoted piety, and a very active missionary.

lars of the late distressing shipwreck of the Keola. Mauee, one of the principal persons lost, was one of the elders of father's church. The account of the efforts of his wife to rescue him, was very affecting.

"May 30.—Last year the mission gave father liberty to accompany his family to the United States. But as mother's health has been improved, and as two Catholic priests have lately established themselves at Kailua, he now proposes remaining with the people, and sending mother to America with the children."

Lucy had now completed her seventeenth year, and it must be obvious to the reader, that her mind had improved, and her character matured, as her years increased. There was no precocity of intellect, no brilliancy of genius, no loftiness of imagination; but good natural powers of mind, a desire for knowledge, and a delight in study had produced their natural results in her. And the patient industry of years, spent in retirement and seclusion with her mother and her books, had enabled her to make such acquisitions as would be creditable to any girl of her age in this country, who had

enjoyed the advantages of schools and cultivated society from her earliest years.

The natural kindness of her disposition, and the benevolence of her Christian principle had been called into delightful exercise, by her efforts to benefit the poor heathen of Kailua; while her warm affections had expanded to embrace the band of missionary brethren and sisters who were now scattered over the islands, and with many of whom she enjoyed the pleasure of correspondence. And though still "a child at home," and exceedingly distrustful of her own abilities and opinions, she discovered a soundness of judgment, a steadiness of purpose, and a disposition to act from reflection rather than impulse, which were observed with peculiar satisfaction by her watchful parents, and seemed to promise much for her future usefulness. The time had now arrived when she was to leave her father's house, and her Hawaiian scholars, and when she was looking forward to new scenes and new society in a Christian land. It was a new era in the life of Lucy, and called into existence a new class of emotions. The strong ties that bound her to a happy home were for the first time to be

severed. She was not going to a distant spot in her own native isles, whence she might easily return, and often participate in the pleasures that flow unmingled beneath the paternal roof, but to a distant country—"a stranger, to a strange land." And she had lived too long in the sanctuary of her childhood's joys, and in the fond embrace of beloved parents, to depart from this scene of every tender association without a struggle. She did indeed indulge in pleasing anticipations of what she should see and learn in the far-famed land of her fathers, but she shrunk with peculiar timidity from the idea of contact with a new and strange world.

Yet Lucy Thurston was not altogether unprepared for new scenes. Her mind had been disciplined and cultivated, her reading had been well selected, and by no means inconsiderable for one of her years, and her powers of discrimination were evidently such as to prepare her to make choice of new friends in a community of strangers; while the wisdom that cometh from above, and upon which she seemed constantly to depend, was abundant to guide her inexperienced footsteps into paths of safety and of peace.

How Lucy would have appeared in society of her own age in America—or rather how she was capable of appearing, for her extreme diffidence might have done her injustice—and what honor she would have reflected upon her parents and the mission, may be inferred from the character of her subsequent writings. We believe that it is not too much to assert, that there are few young ladies of her age in this country, who would express themselves with more grammatical accuracy, more elegance of diction, and discover more refinement of taste and sentiment, than did this "Daughter of the Isles," at the age of seventeen.

As repeated inquiries have been made on the subject since the publication of a few of these extracts in the New York Observer, it may not be superfluous here to remark, that not a word has been intentionally altered, nor a point corrected, in preparing them for the press. The writer has an indistinct remembrance of one misspelled word occurring in the journal on the voyage, but cannot now refer to it, as the original has gone from her hands.

The following letters were written in view of her departure from the islands. The first

without the expectation of leaving her father there. The circumstances alluded to in her journal led Mr. Thurston to decide upon remaining behind. This was an unexpected trial to Lucy, and the most severe which in her short and happy life she ever experienced. Thoughts of him in "his lonely home" were often present to a heart so replete with filial affection; they called forth many a tear of anguish on her voyage, and cast the only shade of sadness over her dying hours.

LETTER TO MR. AND MRS. COAN.

"KAILUA, Jan. 9, 1840.

"VERY DEAR FRIENDS—I received a letter from you some time ago. It has not been from forgetfulness, or want of affection, that it has not before been answered. Pressure of employment has prevented. I cannot tell you how much gratified I was to receive once more some of your excellent counsel. I rejoice too that I can once more address you, before leaving our beloved home. We expected to have gone long before this, but Providence has not yet opened the way for our departure. The last we heard from Honolulu, the Ceylon had not arrived. The thought of leaving this place,

where we have lived so long and spent so many pleasant and happy hours, of parting from beloved associates and dear scholars, and all our mission friends—of ere long separating from parents, brothers, and sisters, and of seeking a home among strangers in a strange land, is exceedingly trying to our feelings. But the Lord will support us under all our trials if we do but put our trust in him, choose him for our portion and his service for our delight. When we reach the United States, if we ever do, my thoughts will often turn to the islands and friends we leave behind. In your letter you warn me against associating with bad counsellors, and people of the world, and point me to the Bible, as my guide and standard. I desire to take the word of God as my rule of action, for where else can I look for unerring guidance. Oh, how watchful shall I need to be when surrounded with temptation. I trust that you will pray for me, that I may be enabled to adorn the doctrine of God my Saviour in all things. I thank you many times for your counsel and advice to me in your letters. I value them highly and shall often read them.

"We enjoyed highly our jaunt around the

island. Preferred going on land by foot, to riding in a canoe by water. We shall not soon forget our pleasant visit at Hilo, nor the kindness with which we were treated by yourselves and your associates.

"The people are waking up, and many appear to be serious. The church for several Sabbaths has been crowded, and last Sunday a number could not gain admittance. They seem to listen with attention to the word of life. Many of the children are inquiring what they shall do to be saved. We trust that some have found peace in believing.

"You have doubtless heard of the death of Gerrit Judd. How little we thought at the last general meeting that he would be removed so soon, healthy and blooming as he was. 'Our life is even as a vapor, which appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.' May this death be sanctified to the children of the mission, and to us all. It is not probable that we meet again this side eternity. May it be our constant aim to prepare for death, to have our lamps trimmed and burning, and be prepared to go and dwell in our Father's house in heaven. Will you please to accept the pro-

files accompanying this as a memento of affection, and remember us when far distant. Often shall I think of your kindnesses and condescension to us. The Lord bless you both, and your little ones. A very affectionate remembrance to your beloved associates, and all the dear children. Farewell.

"Your very affectionate friend,
"LUCY G. THURSTON."

LETTER TO MRS. ANDREWS.

"HONOLULU, July 27, 1840.

"MY DEAR MRS. ANDREWS—As a vessel leaves to-morrow for Hawaii, I cannot forbear writing you a few lines. I received a letter from you when mother returned. Thank you much for it.

"My dear Mrs. Andrews, I trust you will remember us when we shall have gone out from you. Pray that I may be enabled to resist every temptation, and adorn the doctrine of God my Saviour wherever I may be. Remember us all, as we are so soon to be separated, probably never to meet again a whole family on earth. May we be prepared to meet in heaven. You and yours I often think of with tender interest. I trust all the labor and pains you have bestowed upon me have not

been in vain. The very kindnesses we have all experienced from your hands bind you still closer to our hearts. Often will our thoughts turn back to those pleasant seasons we spent together, when we gathered instruction from your lips. Tears often rush into my eyes as I think of you, and all the sacrifices you have made for us. We have no doubt you will do all that lies in your power to comfort and cheer our father in his lonely home. We shall desire exceedingly to know how affairs prosper at Kailua. May the candle of the Lord ever shine about your dwelling, and may the richest of heaven's blessings rest upon you. . . . .

"Your affectionate friend,

"LUCY G. THURSTON."

LETTER TO MRS. FORBES.

"HONOLULU, July 29, 1840.

"MY DEAR MRS. FORBES—Thinking it would be gratifying to you to hear from us before we leave the islands, I write you a few lines. Time passes rapidly on, and brings near the day of our departure from the land of our childhood. Our family, which has so long lived together, is soon to be separated. Probably we shall not *all* meet again on earth; but

it will be but a short time before we shall meet in a better, brighter world, if prepared. Our passage is engaged in the Flora, Captain Spring, bound to New York. The captain is a pious man, and we are much pleased with him. Our accommodations are excellent. We shall probably touch at the Society Islands. I hope you will write us whenever you can. We shall desire very much to hear from the Sandwich Islands. We shall always think of you with interest, and shall long remember the many pleasant visits we have made at your house, and the many kindnesses we have received at your hands. The Lord reward you for them all. We shall often think of the many friends we leave behind, when far away. Pray for us. I hope you will often visit Kailua, and comfort our father in his lonely home at Laniakea. May the Lord be with you in all your labors, and may you have the pleasure of seeing the work of the Lord prosper in your hands. A kiss to each of the children, not forgetting the little stranger. With kind regards to yourself, husband, and associates,

"I remain your friend,

"LUCY G. THURSTON."

CHAPTER XV.

VIEWS OF MR. AND MRS. THURSTON IN BRINGING THEIR CHILDREN TO AMERICA—JOURNAL—PARTING INTERVIEWS—LETTER TO LUCY FROM HER FATHER.

That Mr. and Mrs. Thurston had had much success in the experiment of training up their children upon heathen ground, must be obvious to every one who reads the history of their daughter Lucy. Why then, it may be asked, did they wish to bring their children to this country? Why remove them from the spot where they had already entered upon useful service in the cause of Christ, and the salvation of the heathen?

It was because they considered the advantages of parental instruction, and infrequent intercourse and correspondence with missionary friends, as insufficient to complete their education, and to promote that improvement which was important for their future usefulness.

These children had enjoyed much instruction; their knowledge of books was considerable, and the culture of their minds had been carried on under comparatively favorable circumstances. But they were entirely cut off

from many of those influences which tend to enlarge the mind and elevate the character. They had been reared in seclusion, and now that it was safe for them to emerge from it, it was to mingle with a people in the infancy of their civilization, and destitute of all the characteristics or facilities for activity and enterprise. And these were the people who looked to them for example, and whom they were to teach the manners and customs, as well as the religion of an enlightened and Christian nation.

Under these circumstances, these parents considered it necessary that their children should come to this country. They wished them to *feel the influence* of our institutions, to enjoy the advantages of enlightened society, to mingle with an active, enterprising people, and to experience the benefit of those various and nameless impressions upon character, which are only received from contact with the civilized world.

They believed, too, that the knowledge of human nature which their children had gained in the bosom of their own family and the families of the missionaries, was not sufficient to enable them to contend with the prejudices of

heathenism; that they could not successfully advocate Christian institutions without witnessing their general effects, and that in order to take a stand among the missionaries, they must enjoy higher advantages, and more extensive observation of men and manners, than could be obtained in the Sandwich Islands.

It was not therefore their design, in retaining their children with them so much longer than was the usual practice of the missionaries, to limit them to the advantages of parental instruction, and to the locality of a heathen village. They desired to keep them under their care until their characters were so far formed that they might be prepared to resist the temptations to which they would be exposed upon leaving the paternal roof, and to conduct their education till they arrived at an age to appreciate the advantages of literary institutions in a Christian country; and then, with the approbation of the Board, to come with their children to America: to choose locations for them in some approved institutions, where they might complete their studies and become prepared to labor in whatever field the providence of God might appoint to them;

while it was their cherished desire that these children might thus be fitted to return to their native islands, and exert a more efficient influence upon the Hawaiian people.*

They accordingly obtained permission to come to this country in 1839, when their eldest daughter was eighteen, Lucy sixteen, and their eldest son twelve years of age. No opportunity offering, their departure was delayed till the following year. In the meantime Mrs. Thurston's health, which had been feeble, having been restored, and the arrival of two Roman priests causing Mr. Thurston to question the expediency of leaving his station, Mrs. Thurston consented to come upon the important errand alone.

The family went up to Honolulu, in the latter part of April, to attend the general

* The writer wishes to be understood as simply stating the views of these parents, as expressed to her by one of them. A difference of opinion exists, not only among missionaries as to the time of sending their children to Christian countries, but also among the friends of missions as to the expediency of sending them at all, if they can be educated at the stations. A comparison of views and a presentation of facts are to throw light on these subjects.

meeting, and as a vessel was to sail for America, they remained until the time of their embarkation.* On the 4th of August, 1840, they bade adieu to their missionary friends, the mother and children parted from their husband and father, and Lucy looked for the last time upon the receding shores of her native isles.

JOURNAL.

"HONOLULU, July 27, 1840.—It is decided that we sail in the bark Flora, Captain Spring, bound for New York. The time set for sailing

* Mrs. Thurston returned in the meantime to Kailua, to obtain the furniture, baggage, etc., for the voyage. A young traveller who went to Hawaii to visit the volcano, and returned to Honolulu in the same vessel with Mrs. Thurston, thus describes her departure from Kailua.

"Mrs. Thurston and her son were still our 'compagnons du voyage.' Her departure from a people to whom she had been ardently devoted for so many years was a very affecting scene. Upon her first arrival at Kailua, the poor natives followed her in crowds wherever she went, displaying the strongest affection for her, and the most sincere grief at her removal from them. They eagerly assisted in conveying her effects down to the shore, and when she was lifted into the boat to go on board the brig, many of them waded in the water to testify their affection, and a wail of sorrow followed the boat until she was alongside the brig."

Olmsted's Incidents of a Whaling Voyage.

is at 12 o'clock on Monday next. Twenty passengers are engaged. Mr. Bingham and family, with Caroline A., Mr. R., wife and child, Captain Shaw and two children, Mr. G. and our family with the exception of father. We shall have a good opportunity of studying human nature, there being so many individuals, each with different views and habits of feeling and acting, brought into such close contact with one another. I hope that peace and harmony will prevail. We have seen Captain Spring several times. He appears to be a gentleman of piety, education, and politeness. The vessel is to touch at the Society Islands. We have a great desire to visit these islands, and see the missionaries and their children.

"Sunday, Aug. 2.—This is the last Sabbath that we spend on these shores. Before another we shall be wafted far from the loved land of our childhood. We have this evening had family prayers together for the last time. Can it be, that this happy family, which have for twenty years dwelt under one roof, is to be separated? I cannot realize that we shall part before another sun shall set. The thought is exceedingly painful. Our happiest days are

gone. Our circumstances will be peculiarly trying, situated as we shall be during a voyage of six months without a father on whom to depend.

"TUESDAY, Aug. 6.—Last Monday we saw the sun arise for the last time upon the Sandwich Islands. Our family were invited to Dr. Judd's to breakfast. After prayers we went down to the vessel. We returned again at ten o'clock as the bell was ringing for meeting. Our friends were already assembled at Mr. Castle's. The emblems of the broken body and shed blood of the Saviour were placed upon a table in the middle of the room. We sat down for the last time around the table of the Lord with our dear father and other friends with whom we had often enjoyed such seasons. Father led the meeting and preserved his usual composure, though once or twice he was so affected as not to be able to proceed. He referred to the two families which were about to be broken up. Children were to be separated from parents, a wife from a husband, a minister from his people. It was a tender and most solemn scene. . . . .

"We then went to Dr. Judd's and partook

of some refreshments. It was then time to depart. Having taken leave of all our friends who did not accompany us, we hastened down to the wharf, called upon the chiefs on our way. We ascended the side of the vessel, and entered the floating bark, which was to be our home for six months. . . . . .

"Father came down into our room, and with tears in his eyes, and with a faltering voice exclaimed, 'The hour is come.' Oh, what a moment was that! . . . . . We could not repress our sorrow, but gave vent to our feelings in a flood of tears. After a few moments we went on deck, and how many thoughts rushed to our aching hearts, as we saw the loved land of our childhood fading from our sight, and beheld in the little boat, the image of our father, who would soon return to his distant station and his lonely home.

"August 8.—This morning mother took a package from her desk, opened it, and presented each of us with a letter. We saw that they were written in the well-known hand of our dear father. On perusing the contents of mine a tender chord was touched in my heart, and my tears flowed afresh. This letter will be

doubly valuable from the affecting circumstances under which it was written. Ever will it be my joy and aim to regard the parting advice and instruction of an absent parent, and conform my actions to his wishes."

This last letter to Lucy from her beloved father, contains valuable counsel for every young person, and though designed for one who has now entered eternity, we know the writer will approve its being presented to the readers of these pages.

"HONOLULU, July 14, 1840.

"MY DEAR DAUGHTER LUCY—The time has come that we must separate. Nay, we have separated for a season—perhaps for life—perhaps for ever. We may no more meet on earth. We shall both be in the great assembly at the judgment-day, either at the right or left hand of the Judge. We may not both be among the blessed, who shall enter heaven with songs and everlasting joy. Would we enter heaven, we must be prepared for that place while here on earth. See to it that you are prepared. Be careful lest you be led away by the glare and fascinations of this world.

Ten thousand temptations will assail you, and if you are not on your guard you may yield to some of them. Beware of the three great enemies of your soul, the world, the flesh, and the devil. Keep your heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life. Read your Bible daily with prayer and meditation. Live near to God, walk with God, and let it be seen by all around you, that you are indeed a disciple of Jesus; that you bear his image, and that you are determined to follow him, whatever may be the consequences, whatever others may say of you. Regard not the maxims, customs, or opinions of the world, if in their tendency they lead you away from Christ, and from heaven. Let the love of Christ dwell in you richly, in all wisdom and spiritual understanding.

"'Know thyself' is an injunction of great importance to the well-being of the soul. This you cannot know without frequent and careful self-examination. Examine yourself daily, and once a week let the work be done with more care and scrutiny than usual. There are seasons when this duty is rendered peculiarly appropriate—the close of the day—the close of

the week—the close of the year. Previous to a season of communion, as it is enjoined by the apostle, 'Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread and drink of that cup.' There are many other seasons when the duty of self-examination is peculiarly appropriate. Never let these seasons pass away without finding you engaged in your appropriate duties. Be not ashamed of Christ and his cross—take up your cross daily and follow him, and let it appear to all with whom you associate, that you are a disciple of the meek and lowly Jesus. Forget not to labor and pray for the heathen, and prepare yourself by mental cultivation, as well as Christian discipline, to labor among them if the providence of God shall favor it. Write a letter at least once a year to some of your scholars on Hawaii; and forget not to pray for the children and youth of the Sandwich Islands. Pray for the church and people of Kailua, and pray for your father, who is still laboring for their salvation. God Almighty bless you, my daughter Lucy. Farewell. We may meet no more on earth. Shall we meet in heaven?

"YOUR FATHER."

CHAPTER XVI.

JOURNAL OF HER VOYAGE.

Lucy's embarkation introduced her at once into new circumstances. She felt the change deeply, and suffered extremely from that timidity and diffidence which were so peculiar to her nature; but conducted herself with so much propriety, and was so kind and courteous in her deportment, as to gain the affection of her fellow-passengers, and the respect and esteem of all on board. Several who made this voyage with her, have testified to the kind and affectionate spirit, and the lovely humility, which were manifest in all her intercourse with those around her; to the "admirable consistency" of her Christian character, and the diligence with which she devoted herself to the improvement of her mind and manners.

Her journal indicates that the voyage was not to her a season of idleness, or of desultory and unprofitable pursuits. She entered at once upon systematic employment, commenced new studies, and devoted some time to drawing. She availed herself with delight and gratitude

of every means for acquiring knowledge both by observation and instruction, and felt at the close of the voyage, that it had been to her a valuable preparation for entering American society—little thinking that the voyage of her life was nearly ended, and that God was preparing her to enter the haven of eternal rest!

"Aug. 10.—We have been trying to make some arrangements for study and work. Capt. Shaw has kindly offered to teach us in navigation, and has allowed us the use of his sextant. We have been learning to read the sextant today."

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO MRS. ANDREWS.

"Barque Flora, Aug. 22, 1840.
N. Lat. 5° 5′.

"My dear Mrs. A.—As we expect to reach Tahiti, in a week I commence writing to you to leave at those islands. . . . . .

"After we had recovered from sea-sickness, P., A., and myself commenced the study of navigation. We take the latitude and longitude every day. It is very interesting to us. We also keep a log-book. . . . . .

"Not a day passes but my thoughts turn

back to my beloved home and friends at Kailua. I trust you are all enjoying good health, and doing all you can for the poor natives. We long to hear from you all, and to learn the state of affairs at Kailua. How much would I give to see you again. May the best of heaven's blessings rest upon you. Before the mercy-seat we remember our dear absent friends. Love, much love to you all, and to my scholars.

"Your affectionate friend,

"LUCY."

"SEPT. 6, SUNDAY.—Tahiti and Eimeo, are very plainly to be seen. Capt. S. read a sermon to us to-day on the observance of the Sabbath. It is painful to witness the manner in which the Sabbath is observed by many on board, and how much worldly conversation is carried on, unsuitable to the sacredness of the day. I often sigh for the quiet Sabbaths I used to spend at my beloved home.

"SEPT. 10.—Anchored this morning in Papeete harbor, (Society Islands.) The prospect was delightful. The deep ravines and high hills covered with the richest verdure, the waving leaves of the banana, the thick groves of tall and stately cocoanut, the orange-trees whose

dark green leaves contrasted strongly with the brilliant yellow of the fruit, the luxuriant breadfruit, and innumerable guava bushes, rendered the scene extremely beautiful and picturesque. Mr. Pritchard came on board and invited the missionaries to his house. Our family and Mr. Bingham's soon went on shore and received a cordial reception from our friends. We took dinner, which consisted of fresh pork, and breadfruit, and orange pie for dessert. Miss Barff presided at the table, as Mrs. P. was confined with her children, who have the whooping-cough. It is the first instance known of this disease in these islands.*

"About 8 o'clock in the evening we returned to the vessel to spend the night. The harbor was smooth and still, and we remained on deck for an hour gazing on the beautiful scene which was spread out before us. The fair moon shed her silver rays on the smooth and polished surface of the water, bespangled with the stars reflected from it. By the moonlight we could distinguish the rich foliage of the trees on shore, and see the huts of the natives,

* Neither the smallpox, measles, or whooping-cough, have ever been known in the Sandwich Islands.

and the white-washed houses of the foreign residents which lined the beach. By the delightful prospect before us, our thoughts were carried from 'nature up to nature's God.' We enjoyed a pleasant conversation with those on board and then retired below.

"SEPT. 11.—We called on the queen this afternoon. She is about thirty years of age, and very amiable and interesting in her appearance. She is not so fleshy as the chiefs at the Sandwich Islands. We saw her little son, a pretty boy about three years old. The queen asked a variety of questions respecting us, which Mr. Barff answered, as we were not able to converse in the language. Mr. Bingham presented her with a copy of the Hawaiian Bible.

"We have concluded to observe to-morrow as the Sabbath with the Tahitians, as they are one day in advance of us.*

* As an explanation of the fact here alluded to, some readers may need to be informed, that in consequence of the missionaries at these two different groups of islands having passed to their respective stations in opposite directions, the one company by the Cape of Good Hope, and the other by Cape Horn, they necessarily differ one day in their computation of time. Hence the Sabbath at the Society Islands occurs one day earlier than at the Sandwich Islands.

"SATURDAY, Sept. 13.—This is the Tahitian Sabbath. We attended the native chapel this morning. The service was conducted in the same manner as at the Sandwich Islands, except that a native deacon sat in the reading-desk before the pulpit and read the hymns. The queen, in going to church, was followed by one hundred and fifty soldiers, who marched two by two after her majesty. They made quite a display, dressed in uniform with caps and feathers. Six flags were borne in front. The queen appeared in a becoming and dignified manner. She was attired in a pink figured satin dress, with slippers of a corresponding color. A worked muslin cape around her neck, and a neatly braided bonnet trimmed with pink satin ribbon, and three waving ostrich plumes, completed her dress. Her husband, whom we had not before seen, sat beside her. He was about twenty-one years of age, and was very good looking. The females were mostly seated in the gallery. Like the Sandwich Islanders they are fond of bright and gaudy colors. They make a very showy appearance with their gay dresses and straw bonnets. Their hair they arrange in a very modest

and becoming manner. It is neatly combed and parted in front, and being knotted at the two ends hangs gracefully around their necks. Mr. Bingham preached at the English chapel this forenoon, and Mr. Heath in the evening.

"SEPT. 16.—The natives are much better looking here than at the Sandwich Islands. The men have a singular fashion of shaving the hair which makes them look like savages. They shave it all off close to the head except two bushy locks on each side. The females are lighter colored and much handsomer than at the Sandwich Islands.

"We took a very pleasant walk on the Broom-road this afternoon, with Mrs. E., Mrs. N., Mrs. D., Miss B., and Miss P.* It is really delightful walking under the cool shade of the breadfruit and tall guava bushes, which grow in luxuriance on each side of the road, and whose overhanging branches defend us from the scorching rays of the sun.

"The breadfruit here is excellent, and far superior to that of the Sandwich Islands. The fuvis, a kind of banana, they also use on their

* Ladies of the Society Island mission.

tables, when the breadfruit is out of season. We became very fond of it.

"Persis and myself were invited to Mr. Pritchard's, to assist in making a royal suit of clothes for the young king. The pattern was bright red silk and just pleases the fancy of the natives.

"Sept. 25.—We weighed anchor about ten o'clock, and left the shores of Tahiti, after having been here fifteen days, and were soon out to sea. We have been very much pleased with our visit here, and have been very kindly entertained. The children of the missionaries that we have seen, appear very well.

"October 11.—At dinner the conversation turned on the distress and poverty of the lower classes in various parts of the world. Captain Spring remarked that persons educated in the United States, had no idea of the extreme poverty that was often witnessed among the lower classes in Europe. When the subject of the condition of the children in the large manufactories in England, was brought before Parliament, the account of their treatment was so affecting, that no one could listen to it without tears. The fact that American

women are treated with more respect than females in any other part of the world was alluded to. Even in England the females perform services very unsuitable to their sex. Captain Spring remarked that while in Liverpool a woman acted in the capacity of ballast-master. She came on board, and offered to furnish him with the article. He has seen the ballast removed from the wharf to vessels entirely by women. Females thus employed are extremely vulgar and profane, even exceeding men. Dutch women are often employed on dock-yards, but sustain a good moral character. How should our hearts rise in gratitude to our heavenly Father that we are placed in a better situation.

"Nov. 2.—About noon as we were sitting quietly in our rooms, we were startled by the cry of 'an iceberg in sight!' We all immediately hastened on deck. The wind was whistling through the rigging, the waves were high, and rolling with majestic fury, seemed to threaten every moment to overwhelm us. Looking off into the misty distance we saw the iceberg enveloped in fog. It was about three miles distant and looked fearfully and wildly,

towering its lofty head above the troubled waves. Probably we were near others last night, as intense cold was suddenly felt by those who had the watch on deck. It was a cold, dreary, and cheerless day.

"Nov. 3.—Last night we passed the long dreaded cape in safety, and having left behind the mighty waters of the Pacific, are sailing pleasantly along on the Atlantic ocean, which we Sandwich Islanders never before beheld. We may now consider our voyage as half finished. We have thus far been favored by propitious winds, since we left Tahiti. The full and blooming countenances of most of us, indicate that we are enjoying perfect health. May we all by our daily walk and conversation, show the sincerity of our gratitude for the blessings we enjoy.

"Nov. 7.—During the long afternoons and evenings which we now have, Captain Spring has spent much time with us, sometimes talking and sometimes reading. He has read Pollock's Course of Time to us, while we employed ourselves in sewing. A few evenings since, we commenced Young's Night Thoughts, and read by turns, criticizing each other as we proceed.

We find it not only a pleasant but an improving exercise. In this social manner we spend many happy and profitable hours, which will ever give a deep interest to our recollections of the cold and desolate region of Cape Horn.

"Nov. 10.—The wind is higher than it has been since we left Honolulu. The dead-lights are in, and the skylight in the steerage is covered with canvas. Every one has kept in their rooms, and on account of the stillness it has seemed like the Sabbath. So strong was the impression on my mind that I laid down my work several times, and when Mr. O. caught a cape pigeon, I was on the point of asking him why he took it on the Sabbath. We have been on deck several times to view the scene. There is something awfully sublime to see the waves rolling in majestic grandeur as far as the eye can reach.

"Friday, Nov. 20.—A Cape Horn porpoise was caught this morning. It was larger than the one taken on our voyage from Honolulu to Tahiti, and much more handsome. It was covered with alternate stripes of black and white. A large number of albatrosses and monimokes have been following the vessel.

Three albatrosses and one monimoke have been taken. The albatrosses are very large birds. As soon as they were taken on deck, they were prevented from making any snappish salutations, by tying a string around their bills, as they manifested their violence for biting. The wings of the largest one measured ten feet from tip to tip. They had some beautiful down upon their breasts. We plucked out some of the feathers, which were of pure white, and more beautiful than those of land birds.

"In conversation with Mr. O. at different times, he has pointed out the following items as pertaining to good manners, namely, a fork is more generally used for conveying food to the mouth than a knife, as it may be inserted more delicately. In passing a plate to the steward to be removed from the table, always pass it with the right hand to the left side, as it would be very awkward to pass it to the right side with the same hand. Never take the last thing from a plate unless more is coming. It is not agreeable to be always saying 'thank you,' for any little favor received, but a gentle nod of the head, and the gratitude expressed in the countenance, is more acceptable.

"In going to a party, always speak to the gentleman or lady of the house, before addressing any one else. . . . . .

"We desire exceedingly to be informed on these subjects, and esteem it a great favor for any one to instruct us, that on making our egress from a heathen land to enlightened America, we may not by our awkward appearance, disgrace the Sandwich Island mission." Lucy's example, in noting down such "items" of instruction, might with advantage be followed by many persons of her own age, and far more opportunities, in "enlightened America."

"Nov. 27.—Mr. O. has very generously offered to instruct Persis and myself in perspective drawing. We gladly accepted his proffered kindness, and consider ourselves highly privileged. He gave us some rules in perspective drawing, and for making geometrical figures, which, as we had never before had an opportunity of learning, we wrote down in a book.

"Captain Spring has manifested great kindness towards our family, and we every day feel thankful that Providence has raised up such a friend to smooth our pathway across the ocean. By his sympathies and kind attentions we feel

the loss of our father much less than we should have done. He has instructed us in navigation since we left Tahiti. In conversation he has communicated many new ideas with respect to the forms of civilized society in America. On this last point we prize any instructions, that we may not be entirely ignorant when introduced into the enlightened society of New England.

"We are treated with kindness by all on board, to whom we would be thankful; but in a special manner our gratitude is excited towards those who by their sympathy and instructions manifest an interest for the 'widow and the fatherless.' Placed as we are in peculiar circumstances, without a father on whom to lean, we appreciate fully any favor bestowed upon us, and shall ever cherish among our most precious recollections, the kindness we have experienced from friends on board the Flora.

"Nov. 28.—I am ashamed of myself many times a day for giving way to so much laughter, but there are so many witty remarks made, that it is almost impossible for one unaccustomed to hear them, to refrain from it. I have

heard more jokes, hyperbolical expressions, and comical remarks in one day, since being on board, than I did during the seventeen years of my residence at the Sandwich Islands. It is well for us to hear such things now, as we are going to a land where such expressions are used more than at the Sandwich Islands. The children cannot bear a joke, but take every thing that is said to be truth, and often they are so affected that the fluid from the lachrymal glands is seen flowing copiously down their cheeks.

"Thursday, Dec. 3.—The children of missionaries who have returned from the Sandwich Islands, and from the Eastern missions, are found fault with for their excessive indolence, and that they had rather be waited upon than do a thing themselves.

"All those who return in this vessel will of course be criticized. I anticipate but very little pleasure on reaching the United States, for I am so diffident that I do not enjoy the society of strangers. It will be a strange land to me. It seems to me as though every one will say, 'There is some one from the Sandwich Islands; I wonder if she knows any thing. Let

us find out.' I have always been noted for being taciturn, and have been talked to and laughed at, both at the Sandwich Islands and since I have been on board. I have tried to cultivate the talent of conversation, but the more I try the worse it becomes. Mother says it is my greatest fault. I feel as though no one cared for me, and was glad when I had got through with what little I had to say. No one can have any idea of the dreadful feeling of diffidence, but those who have known it by sad experience, and do not know how to sympathize with those who have it. I feel extremely tried about it, and often the midnight hour witnesses the silent tear which bedews my pillow.

"DEC. 17.—Mr. G. has allowed me the use of his quadrant, since we left Tahiti. Mr. W. has lent his to Persis, so that we both take the altitude every day with Capt. Spring in fine weather. . . . . We were counting up to-day the persons from various nations on board the Flora. We made out seven: Americans, Englishmen, Irishmen, Swedes, Danes, Africans, Sandwich Islanders, and a North American Indian.

"DEC. 29.—Mr. O. reads to Mrs. B. on deck. Persis, Asa, and I are privileged by being per-

mitted to join them. Mr. O. is an excellent reader. He enters into the spirit of the piece, and reads with an emphasis and pathos such as inspires the hearers with life and vigor. Pathetic pieces especially, he reads with a great deal of feeling. I never had such a great desire to learn the art as now, since I see the vast difference between good and bad readers. He has been reading from the British Poets.

"JAN. 1, 1841.—This is the first day of the new year. How different are my circumstances this day from what they were a year ago. Then I was in the distant isles of the Pacific, under a father's roof, where for seventeen years I dwelt in peace and happiness. Now I am upon a wide ocean, rapidly approaching, a stranger to a strange land. The events of the past year have been of uncommon interest. Our family, which for twenty years have dwelt together, is separated. We have bidden adieu to the land of our childhood—have given the parting hand to a beloved parent and many other dear friends. Could we but spend this day with our dear father, how happy should we be. He is now dwelling in solitude, with no wife or children to cheer his lonely hours.

His gray hairs even now indicate that he is in the decline of life. Perhaps he is sick, perhaps sad. But this is my consolation, that the same God who preserves us will sustain him. If the pleasure of meeting with him again on earth is denied, may we all be found an unbroken family in heaven, where adieus and farewells are sounds unknown. For five months past we have been tossed upon the mighty deep—have witnessed the sublimity and grandeur of the ocean—have passed in safety the cold and dangerous region of Cape Horn—have been mercifully preserved from dangers seen and unseen—have enjoyed good health, and are now rapidly approaching the land of our fathers. Oh that we may as a family lay upon the altar our tribute of praise and thanksgiving for all the mercies we have experienced since we left our home and our father.

"I feel that I have departed far from God and my duty since being on board. A voyage is not favorable to growth in grace. There is no retired place for meditation and prayer. I feel that I have dishonored my Saviour, whom I profess to follow. I have not set a good example to those around me.

"'What peaceful hours I once enjoyed:
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.

"'Return, O holy Dove; return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.'

"I have resolved to be more watchful over my conduct. May I possess the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, and thus show by my daily walk and conversation that I am a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. My earnest desire and prayer to God is, that when placed in new and untried circumstances, I may act the part of a Christian, and be enabled to resist every temptation which may be set before me. Soon I shall arrive in a strange land, shall be separated from mother, sisters, and brothers, and shall be exposed to many trials and temptations which I never experienced in my quiet home at Kailua. 'When thy father and mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee up.' 'Commit thy way unto the Lord, and he will direct thy path.' The new year opens upon us with prospects entirely new. The future is all unknown. May

all the trials and mercies we experience tend to make us more faithful in the cause of our Redeemer. This is probably the last new-year's day that I spend with my mother, sisters, and brothers. How trying is the thought of separation.

"About nine o'clock this morning we heard the cry of 'land ho.' Joy beamed in every countenance. The coast of South America could just be discovered in the dim distance. We are ninety-two days from Tahiti to-day, and this is the first land we have seen since we left. About noon we cast anchor in the open roadstead, in front of the town of Pernambuco. The sight and smell of the land is truly pleasant to us. It is the first continent we Sandwich Islanders ever set our eyes upon.

"The town of Pernambuco presents a very pretty aspect from the sea. It is more of a civilized place than we ever saw before. The houses are several stories high. There are one hundred sail of ships in the harbor, from almost every different nation. Captain Spring went on shore, to ascertain whether he might land and obtain supplies; when he returned, he brought

with him some of the fruits of the land—a few mangoes—a fruit we had never seen before. They are about the size of an orange, and the color is a deep yellow; in taste they somewhat resemble a pineapple. The oranges are small, and far inferior to those of Tahiti. The bananas were the greatest luxury, and carried my thoughts back to the Sandwich Islands.

"The population of Pernambuco is about 40,000, two-thirds of which are slaves.

. . . . . "General Harrison will probably be elected President of the United States. We also heard of the death of Mr. Spaulding. We had anticipated the pleasure of meeting him in America, but he has winged his way to the mansions of the blessed. He was a truly pious and devoted missionary.

"JAN. 3.—Services were conducted as usual to-day. About noon a boat came off, bringing the remainder of the supplies. This has really been a strange Sabbath-day—taking things on board, paying bills, etc. All this would not have been done had the captain considered the vessel in a safe place. He thought we were in more danger than we had been in since we left Honolulu. We saw a steamboat go out

of the harbor this P.M. It was to us a novel sight. It did not move with great velocity, though large streams of steam and smoke issued from the pipe, leaving a long trail behind.

"JAN. 9.—Last night we had a heavy squall. It was the union of the two trades. We are now sailing finely—have made 12° the past week.

"JAN. 12.—The latitude to-day is 11° 10′ N. To our great joy, last evening we saw the north polar star for the first time in the Atlantic. It seems like seeing an old friend, though we know it is far from home. Others hail it with joy, as it brings them nearer their home. We can see the same stars to-night which our father does, and it is a very pleasant thought. The sea is remarkably phosphorescent this evening. The large flashes look beautiful, darting in every direction upon the dark blue waves.

"JAN. 18.—Last evening, about eight o'clock, we spoke a vessel. She was the brig Amazon, bound for Boston. Ships never speak each other in the night, unless they are bound the same way.

"JAN. 29.—The time approaches for us to leave the barque Flora, which has been our home for six long months. We regret to part with those who have been our fellow-passengers, and from whom we have received many proofs of kindness from time to time. We have been together so long, that we seem like one family. We shall all separate on reaching the United States, and probably we shall never again behold them in the flesh. May the Lord reward them an hundredfold for all their labors of love towards us, during the time we have been together; and when the voyage of life is ended, may we meet in the mansions of the blessed, and join in singing praise to the Lamb for ever and ever. Captain Spring has been as a father to us, and when we part, we shall love to cherish in our recollection, the sympathy, attention, and instruction we have received from him.

"JAN. 30.—We are on the edge of the Gulf Stream. We have been remarkably favored in not meeting with a gale of wind. We tried the temperature of the water, by letting a thermometer down into it. It was 65°—two degrees warmer than the air.

"Feb. 4.—The thermometer is 6° below zero. It is very cold. The water on deck is all frozen. About two o'clock the anchor was taken up, and at seven in the evening we were safely moored at the wharf. We were very busy all day in making preparations to go ashore; but every few minutes we went on deck to look at the scenery. We sailed near the shore, and the ground was covered with pure white snow, which looked beautiful. It resembled the sand beaches at the Sandwich Islands. Capt. Spring went ashore and brought us a few apples, the first we ever tasted.

"Feb. 5.—The steerage has been crowded to-day with friends who have come to see us. All welcome the missionaries who have returned. Mr. Benson* invited our whole family to his house. About four o'clock we left the ship, and rode to the south ferry; we then crossed the river to Brooklyn in a steamer—the first time I was ever in one. The motion was very pleasant. Mr. Benson escorted us to his own house, where we were cordially welcomed by Mrs. Benson. It seemed as though we were among our friends again, and we felt at home."

* Mr. Benson was agent for the "Flora."

CHAPTER XVII.

ARRIVAL IN AMERICA—LETTER TO HER FATHER—HER LAST SICKNESS AND DEATH.

Mrs. Thurston, with her family, arrived in New York on the 4th of February, 1841. She delayed going immediately on to the home of her kindred in the eastern part of Massachusetts, in order to have the company and protection of a friend who was expecting to make the same journey. In the meantime her family were prostrated by sickness; and Lucy, after just opening her eyes upon the scenes of a civilized land, was laid upon a bed of suffering, and ere long slept the sleep of death.

A letter to her father, written the day before she was taken sick, contains a description of her brief sojourn on the borders of the land she was not permitted to enter, and the impressions made upon her mind by the only glimpse she ever had of a civilized nation and its institutions.

It is interesting to observe, in this last effort of her days of health, those same traits of mind and heart which were her peculiar character-

istics. Her gratitude for kindness, her appreciation of the smallest favors, her habits of *observation*, and her disposition to treasure up knowledge, from whatever source derived, are plainly exhibited. Much of this letter is of course unsuitable to be made public; but some passages of it will be interesting to the reader, as a very pleasant specimen of her familiar, easy style, in communicating information to her father, and as showing her gratification in what she was permitted to see in our American metropolis.

"BROOKLYN, February 16, 1841.

"MY DEAR FATHER—We learn that a vessel is to sail for the Sandwich Islands in about a week, and I take my pen to inform you of our safe arrival in the land of our fathers.

"We were six months and one day from the Sandwich Islands to this place. Stopped a fortnight at the Society Islands, and three days at Pernambuco. We have been remarkably favored in our passage, and all enjoyed good health. The captain has been as a father to us, and by his kind attentions we have felt your loss much less than we otherwise should have done. Mr. Benson has very kindly invited

our whole family to remain at his house till we leave the place. We feel under great obligations to him for his kindness. . . . .

"We have been thronged with visitors, who call to see us from morning till night. Mother has a trunk of curiosities, which she shows them, and thus excites a good deal of interest in the mission. Persis has several times dressed herself in native style, and marched about the room, much to the amusement of the company.

"We have received more kindness than we expected—far more than we deserved."

She here mentions in detail many presents which the family had received, with all the simplicity and frankness of an affectionate child addressing a parent, who she knew would be interested in every matter affecting the comfort and happiness of his children. In speaking of some bonnets which had been procured for them by a kind friend, she says, "They are neat, and perfectly plain, and I think just such as you would like to see us wear."

"We have been here nearly two weeks, and expect to leave next Monday with Mr. —— for Boston. . . . .

"Dr. Grant of the Persian mission is here,

and expects to return in a month. Mr. Smith from Beyroot is also here. He has selected another companion, and returns soon. Mr. and Mrs. Meigs, with several children, are in this country. Mr. Meigs will probably return to Ceylon, and leave his wife with the children here for some years. Dr. Smith, who was expected at the islands with Mr. Dibble, has called upon us twice. He will probably go out with Mr. Bingham.

"When we arrived the weather was not so cold as we expected, but for a few days past we have felt it very much. We are obliged to be very careful. . . . .

"Last Sunday Captain Spring took us to his brother's church. The congregation seemed very attentive, and scarcely took their eyes from the minister. We have been happily disappointed in the dress of the people of this country on the Sabbath. They put on rich clothing, but not gaudy, and display good taste and plainness. They are not so showy as at Honolulu.

"Yesterday Mr. F. took us over to the city and showed us many new and strange things, which were very gratifying to us.

"We first went to the American Museum. The building is six stories high, and filled with all kinds of curiosities." [Here follows a description, which we omit.]

"Next we visited the Arsenal, where they keep all the artillery for war. It was completely filled with guns, swords, etc. There were instruments enough to fit out an army of ten thousand men in fifteen minutes.

"Then we went to the City Prison." [Description omitted.]

"We visited the City Hall—a splendid building, where, in the Governor's room, we saw the full-length portraits* of all the governors of the state of New York. They were elegant paintings. In the evening" ——

"DEAR FATHER—This letter was written by Lucy the day before she was taken sick. Company calling, she was interrupted in the middle of a sentence, and never again resumed her pen.

"Your affectionate daughter,

"P. G. THURSTON."

* This was probably the greatest exhibition of the art that Lucy ever saw.

Mrs. Thurston and her family had been nearly two weeks in Brooklyn, when Mr. and Mrs. C., as friends of missions, and with a particular desire to see these children of missionaries, called and introduced themselves to them. Finding the family with whom they were staying afflicted by sickness, they proposed to Mrs. Thurston to come with her children to their house in New York, and remain till they left for Boston. The situation of the family of the kind friends with whom they were then staying, alone induced Mrs. Thurston to accept the invitation of entire strangers, as she was expecting to leave in a few days; and on the morning of the 18th she removed with her children to the spot that was at once to be the scene of an affliction, which through twenty years of missionary toil and trial she had been spared.

Lucy had very much endeared herself to the family of Mr. Benson during her stay with them, and they became deeply sensible of the excellencies of her character, the refinement of her sensibilities, and the cultivation of her mind. Their opinion of her was not reserved until their sympathy in the grief occasioned

by her death would naturally heighten the admiration of her mental and moral worth, but was frequently expressed while she was under their roof. Her extreme humility, the disinterested kindness which was manifest in her every action, and her desire to conform in every particular to the usages of polite society, and to gain information concerning the new objects which were now presented to her, were all remarked with interest, and spoken of, while she was yet with them. Upon leaving this family, Lucy burst into tears, saying to Mrs. Benson, "Oh, you have been so kind to us." Her mother remarked, that the only tears Lucy shed in America, were these tears of grateful affection.

Mrs. Thurston's family enjoyed excellent health during their voyage, with the exception of the whooping-cough, which some of the children took at the Society Islands. But the inclemency of the weather during the week following their arrival in this country, which was severely felt by residents, was very trying in its effects upon them;* and the change they

* The young reader may need to be reminded, that these children were natives of the torrid zone, and that

experienced, resulted in extreme sickness with every one of the children.

Lucy was in most vigorous health; but she was seized with inflammation on the lungs just two weeks after their arrival, and on the morning of her coming to the family with whom she passed the last week of her life—the only week of physical pain and distress she ever experienced.

The attack was violent from the commencement, and her disease of such a nature as almost entirely to forbid conversation. She, however, in the midst of great suffering, exhibited the same uniformity of feeling, the same quiet, lovely spirit, which had ever been conspicuous in her life. Her patient endurance of suffering, her kind, affectionate language to every one, and her grateful acknowledgment of the least attention, were most affecting. It was very trying to one of her extreme sensibilities, to be ministered to by entire strangers, and to see no familiar faces, except those of mother, brothers, and sisters, around her dy-

the change from the climate of the Sandwich Islands, to the severest cold of one of our northern winters, must have been very great.

ing bed; but to these circumstances she was entirely reconciled, and, in view of them all, assured her mother she was perfectly contented and happy.

She told her mother, a day or two after the commencement of her illness, that she had no choice about its result. She was willing to lie in God's hands, and be disposed of as would best promote his glory. This was her abiding feeling, always and uniformly expressed when inquiries were made of her state of mind; though she was seldom able to say more than to reply to questions.

The night but one before her death, during an interval of comparative ease, she conversed with freedom and composure upon the probable result of her illness. After speaking of the ardent desire she had cherished of being fitted to return to her beloved home, to engage in the instruction of the natives, she said there was but one other trial to her, in the thought of dying in her present circumstances. It was, *that she should not see her father.* "But," she added, "in saying this, I do not wish to be understood as expressing any opposition to the will of God concerning me." A friend repeat-

ed the hymn commencing, "It is the Lord," which appeared to give her great comfort, and she soon after said, "It is all right—all right."

During the last two days of her life, her respiration was laborious and distressing. Her efforts were like those of a drowning man struggling for help. Yet not an impatient word escaped her lips, not the shadow of a frown disturbed the smoothness of her brow; but that touching moan, and the agony of her distress, expressed in a familiar Hawaiian term, "auwe auwe,"* will not soon be forgotten by those who were privileged to be around her, and to witness the calm and holy confidence of her latter days. When told that the hour of her departure was approaching, the struggle with her tender affections was evidently great. But it was short. "Mother, do you think I am going to die now?" said she. "Yes, my dear," said her mother, "I think you are going soon." 'Oh, I loved you all too well, too well—I loved him too well." [It was thought she alluded

* Sounding like "away away." A term expressive of distress, corresponding to the common expression, "Oh dear, oh dear."

to her absent father.] "But you love your Saviour too, Lucy." "Yes, mother, I do—I do love him." "Whom do you love, my dear?" "Jesus Christ. I love him with all my heart, with all my soul, and with all my strength. Mother, I know I love him—I do—I do." The emphasis, deliberation, and the sweet, touching tone in which these words were pronounced by the dying sufferer, at intervals of strength, are indescribable. A friend repeated, "Jesus can make a dying bed," and Lucy finished the verse. A few more words of tender affection to earthly friends, and of confiding trust in Him who walked with her through the dark valley, terminated her intercourse with us; while the words, "Mother, dear mother," many, many times repeated, still continued, and "Father, father," were the last that fell upon the ear.

It was a night of sorrow when Lucy closed her eyes in death. Many who had but seen her, loved her. Skill and care together strove to save her life, and many prayers went up from that chamber of affliction, that her days might be prolonged. But God's time had come. His will in the life of this lovely child

was accomplished, and in the bloom of her years, and the dawn of her bright anticipations, he called her to the brighter scenes of the upper world.

A group of strangers wept with the bereaved mother and her children in that midnight hour of trial, and when the spirit of her they mourned was beyond the need of supplication, knelt with them in prayer around the bed of death—gave thanks for the triumphs of grace over the king of terrors, for the blessed consolations that made those smitten hearts rejoice—and implored the presence of a compassionate Saviour with that lone parent in the far-off isles of the Pacific, whose name was the last upon the lips of his dying child.

Thus ended the brief life of Lucy Thurston. It was early consecrated to the Saviour. It was spent in his service. It was all cheerful, and happy, and useful—"very pleasant" was the remembrance of it to her mother. In view of it all, she could say, "It is well with me, it is well with my child;" and in view of a death scene so calm, so peaceful, so full of hopes of heaven, strangers responded, "It *is* well—It *is* well."

"Weep not for her!
The fairest of that loving band
That left their cot in sea-girt isle,
To sojourn in their father's land,
With us awhile:
Though early called from life to part,
Earth had not all her maiden heart,
Heaven was its home.

Weep not for her!
All blissful were her youthful hours,
Unclouded as a summer's day,
And calmly, 'mid her native bowers,
They fled away—
Blest with those parents' fondest love
Who led her infant thoughts above,
To joys to come.

O weep for her,
That mother, with her lips so pale;
To him who dwells in lonely cot,
How shall she tell the mournful tale
That she *is not*?
How shall she tell his loved one's death,
Who called him with her dying breath,
In fondest love?

O weep for him—
The gray-haired sire who watched their bark
Speed swift from Honolulu's shore—
The timid dove that left his ark
Returns no more;
Those loving eyes in death are dim
That shed sad tears to part with him—
She dwells above.

Weep not for her!
Brief was her race, her crown soon won—
One bitter cup, and all was done;
With harp in hand, all robed in white,
In heaven's own light,
She sings her song of rapture sweet,
And casts her crown at Jesus' feet,
To weep no more.

Toil on, ye mourners; there's a home,
A better, brighter home on high:
From *thence* no pilgrim's feet e'er roam,
No loved ones *die*.
Lead on, lead on your heathen band
To meet *her* in that *better land*,
When life is o'er."*

Lucy Goodale Thurston died on the 24th of Feb., 1841, in the city of New York, at the house of Mr. A. P. Cumings, one of the editors of the New York Observer. Her age was seventeen years and ten months. Her remains were interred in the vault of Mr. Abner Ely, one of the elders of the Brick church, in the cemetery in Second-street.

* Written by Mrs. M'Cartee, of Goshen, New York, on reading the obituary notice of Lucy Goodale Thurston, which was published in the New York Observer, March 13, 1841.

CHAPTER XVIII.

REVIEW—TRAITS IN LUCY'S CHARACTER WORTHY OF IMITATION—HER PEACEFUL DEATH—REMARKS.

I NEED not ask you, dear young reader, if you have been interested in this history of "the missionary's daughter." Its novelty and peculiarity have not failed to fasten your attention, and to enlist your feelings. You have imagined Lucy in her childhood, on the coral shores of Hawaii, near the little heathen village of Kailua, surrounded by the huts of the natives; looking out from the thatched cottage, which was for some years her abode, upon the vast fields of lava that once flowed in liquid fire from Kilauea; or sitting with her mother upon some green spot beneath the tall cocoa-nut trees, and watching now and then a distant sail upon the broad Pacific, or the glorious sun as he sunk in majesty beneath the western waves. You have read her childish records of the few incidents that marked her pathway through the quiet pleasures of her early years. You have enjoyed her later descriptions of the manners and customs and improvements of the poor heathen around her;

and you have almost wished that you could have been with her at the tea-party of the king, or in the visit she made with her mother to Kapiolani.

You have been with her in that pedestrian journey around Hawaii; beheld, with her, the raging fires of that wonderful volcano, and made the perilous descent into its immense crater; and on her return, tossed with her, in that light canoe, on the rough billows of the tempestuous ocean.

You have sympathized with her in the trial of leaving her Kailua home, and of parting with a father she so tenderly loved. You have been with her in the long voyage which brought her to our shores—stopped with her at that green and sunny isle of the southern seas, and walked with her in its "rich groves of orange-trees and guava-bushes;" and at length welcomed her to this land of civilization and refinement—the land in which you are blessed to have a home. You have enjoyed the expression of her pleasure in what she saw of the advancement of the arts, and the improvements of this age, in one of our great cities; and have imagined how strange must be the sight

of many things, with which you are familiar, to one who looked for the first time upon the wonders of a civilized world.

And then you have gone with Lucy from the midst of all these new objects of admiration and scenes of interest, up to the chamber of sickness, and the bed of death. Perhaps you wept as you read those words of tender affection, which added to the holy solemnities of that dying hour—as you thought of the crushed hopes of those missionary parents, of the sudden stroke that made the first breach in that loving circle, far from their home and their father—and as you followed this lovely "daughter of the isles" to a resting-place in a stranger's sepulchre.

And are there no lessons of wisdom to be derived from this narrative? Are there no convictions of duty, no desires for usefulness, in any young hearts that may receive strength from the perusal of such a history? Lest in your interest in the novelty of these scenes you have lost sight of the practical benefit to be derived from Lucy Thurston's memoir, permit me to direct your attention to some traits in her character which you may wisely imi-

tate, and some circumstances in her history which ought to make a lasting impression on your minds.

Lucy was *an industrious scholar.* She was far removed from the improvements of this age and country, which so facilitate the labors of the teacher and scholar. In pursuing her studies, she had not access to those means of illustration and experiment, which so constantly and imperceptibly tend to your improvement. But the advantages she did enjoy, she prized highly, and improved accordingly. This was the only secret of her progress, and you have had sufficient evidence of the character and extent of her attainments.

How many anxious desires have your parents, that you may grow up intelligent and well-informed. How much do they every year expend for your education. Learn from Lucy's history what may be accomplished in circumstances that you would consider the least advantageous, and let her success encourage you in the pursuit of useful knowledge.

She *improved by observation.* This is very manifest in the whole history of her life. How many valuable ideas she acquired by giving

attention to what she saw, and remembering what she heard. When her parents were favored with visits from other missionaries or travellers, she attentively observed their manners, and was in the habit of writing down whatever she heard them say that was new or interesting to her. How carefully she treasured up useful suggestions that were made to her on her voyage to this country, and such items of information as she considered valuable. How interesting are her comments upon the manners and customs of the Society Islanders; and her remarks to her father upon the appearance of a Christian congregation in this country.

The peculiar circumstances in which her life was passed, probably made Lucy appreciate more highly this means of improvement; but whatever be the situation of an individual, the enlargement of his mind, and his progress in knowledge, depend very much on the use he makes of his opportunities for observation. It is especially important for every *young* person to ask daily,

> "What have I learned where'er I've been,
> From all I've heard, from all I've seen?"

Lucy *treasured up religious knowledge.* She loved to commit to memory portions of Scripture and hymns, not only in her childhood, but as long as she lived. In a hymn-book of hers now before me, she had placed a few blank leaves, upon which she used to write the first lines of the hymns she committed from it. On these leaves are the first lines of seventy-nine hymns, a great part of which she learned on the Sabbaths during her voyage to this country. In reference to her Sabbath employments, her mother wrote to her father, shortly after Lucy's death, "Besides committing a lesson from the Bible, and a portion from another work, her own feelings would often prompt her to learn from one to four hymns after the usual exercises of public and social worship."

The number of books for the instruction of the young, is so greatly multiplied in this age, that children have a strong temptation to neglect the habit of treasuring up divine truth in a definite form. But "the good old way" of *learning by heart* the Bible, the catechisms, and psalms and hymns, will never find a substitute in the variety and value of "juvenile

books," however numerous and excellent. Cultivate a taste for reading, and read useful books; but remember, it is "the holy Scriptures which are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus." Commit to memory, *habitually*, some portion of the sacred volume, if it be but a verse or two daily, and now and then a hymn from some one of the excellent collections in use. This will not only make you more useful in days of health, but in seasons of affliction and days of languishing, will enable you to say with the Psalmist, "In the multitude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts delight my soul."

Lucy was *obedient to her parents.* This was her character in her childhood, and by this means she not only made her parents happy, but was useful to others. The poor heathen loved and respected her, when they could not converse with her, and learned many lessons of filial affection from her example. She "regarded the counsels and instructions of her parents, and conformed herself to their wishes," even in the smallest particulars. When receiving some presents of clothing after she

arrived in this country, she thought of the judgment and approbation of her father, and would not willingly have worn what she thought he would disapprove.

Do you honor your father and mother? Your deference to their opinions, and regard to their wishes, will not only in some measure repay their labors of love, but may influence others to habits of subordination and obedience, and thus promote the best interests of many around you. In this age of knowledge, children are too apt to think they grow wiser than their parents, and that they may put a new construction upon the fifth commandment. A fashion prevails very different from that which existed in the early years of your fathers. Children now persuade their parents, and if they receive advice from them, do not feel the obligation to submit implicitly to their directions. But "Children, *obey* your parents," will be a binding command to the end of time. Many a child will owe the formation of a virtuous character and a life of usefulness to its rigid observance; and many will bring down the grey hairs of their fathers in sorrow to the grave, in consequence of its neglect.

"Very pleasant" is the remembrance of a dutiful child to a bereaved parent. May the dear children who read these pages, leave a memory as precious in this respect, as did Lucy Thurston.

Lucy *reverenced the Sabbath.* She remembered God's day to keep it holy. She spent it in improving her own soul, and in striving to do good to others. It appears from her journal, that nothing gave her more pain on her voyage, than the loss of "those quiet Sabbaths she used to enjoy in her beloved home." From her Bible she meekly learned the will of her heavenly Father, and by her instructions to her heathen scholars, and her example to others, she strove to perform it. Thus were her Sabbaths days of "spiritual nourishment and growth in grace"—days in which her soul was ripened for the kingdom of heaven.

How do you spend your Sabbaths? Are they days of intellectual and spiritual improvement? Do they find you delighting in the word of God, in the worship of the sanctuary, and in the instructions of the Bible class or Sabbath-school; or teaching a little band of young immortals in the way of life? If so, the favor of the Lord is upon you. He has pro-

nounced a special blessing upon those who "call the Sabbath a delight," the "holy of the Lord," and "honorable." But if the Sabbath is a day of tiresome restraint, of tedious monotony, and devoted to the amusements of the world, be assured, your heart is entirely unprepared for the enjoyment of that eternal sabbath upon which we believe Lucy has now entered.

She *loved her Saviour.* In her childhood she delighted to do his will. At the age of thirteen she publicly consecrated herself to his service, and the remainder of her brief life was spent in efforts to honor his name. Early piety made Lucy happy; it was the life of her enjoyments. She loved God's works, his word, his ordinances; and her "peace flowed like a river," because she "hearkened to his commandments."

Have you heard the call which so deeply impressed her mind in her early years: "Son, give me thine heart?" And have you been so sweetly and early constrained to obey it? Jesus has loved you and given himself for you. Believe on him, and to you he will be equally precious, and in his service you will be equally happy.

Lucy *loved the heathen.* How she labored and *how she prayed*, that they might be converted. While engaged in preparing for future usefulness, and devoting much time to the acquirement of knowledge, she felt the responsibility of a professed servant of Jesus to make efforts to win souls. While yet a child, she began to instruct the benighted children of Kailua, and when she came to the close of her short life, expressed no other wish to live, but to go back and continue her labors among them.

Who among the youthful members of our churches may not profit by the example of this young disciple? Who has made efforts like hers for the souls of others? Who has realized the obligation of early obedience to the command, "Go, preach the Gospel to every creature?" Who has obeyed it, by early devotion to the cause of missions, and by efforts and prayers in childhood and youth for the world's conversion? Who have "denied themselves" in any way, that the bread of life might be sent to the destitute? As one month after another passed away, Lucy was four times engaged in a little prayer-meeting with her heathen scholars, and as often uniting with the children of her own

and another mission family in prayer for the children of the missionaries; and how many of the youth who read these pages, have observed the "monthly concert of prayer?" Alas, how few of the children of Christian America have remembered the families of the missionaries and the families of the heathen.

Lucy's scholars, Kealoha and Kahulipuni, desired her to give their "love to all the daughters of the United States, and to the church-members." O, that all those to whom it may here be presented, would reciprocate the affectionate message of these converted heathen, by sending the knowledge of a Saviour's love to heathen children in every part of the earth.

Lucy died a *happy, peaceful death.* She had much to attach her to this world. She was in the vigor of youth, in the bloom of health; and life to her was full of sources of enjoyment. She had just landed in America, with the hope of having new advantages for knowledge and improvement. She had already had much preparation for usefulness, and she had a heart to love and serve God. Why then was she so willing to die? *She knew she loved the Saviour.* "Mother, I *do* love him, *I know I do.*"

I shall never forget the sweet, emphatic tones with which Lucy addressed her mother in that dying hour; and how often have I wished that more children of her age, who are early cut down by death, could leave such an assurance to comfort the hearts of their afflicted parents. "It is not a hard thing to die," said Lucy's mother. "O no, mother, it is not hard," said her dying child.

How different was the death-scene of another child I knew, who has gone since Lucy's death to the eternal world. "Father," said she, "I should be willing to die, but *I know* I am not prepared. Mother, I cannot die, I am such a sinner." But when Lucy died, her mother could rejoice in the midst of sorrow, in giving her back to Him to whom she had been early consecrated. She had no doubt of Lucy's preparation for the joys of heaven, and that she went to join Charles Richards and Gerrit Judd, and other dear children of the missionaries, who had gone before her to the Saviour they loved, and to be eternally happy.

And now, my young reader, will you not profit by the remembrance of some features in Lucy's character, her well-spent life, and her

end of peace? Does not her history prove that mental improvement is confined to no localities, and is dependent on few circumstances? Does it not show how "the heart of thy father and thy mother may be made glad," and all that know thee may "rejoice;" that the law of God may be written early upon the heart, and that they have great peace that follow it? Does it not teach you how the great object of life is accomplished, and how to be prepared for an early and a sudden death? And does it not speak in new tones of tenderness and power in behalf of the perishing heathen?

Lucy was cut down in the midst of her days. Her parents' hopes for her usefulness were suddenly blasted. Her own expectations were all disappointed. She was not permitted to enter "the enlightened society of America," to pass a few years in improvement, and then return to the Kailua home she so much loved. God did not require her to go back to teach the children of Hawaii the way to heaven. But he had some wise and holy purpose to fulfil in her unexpected removal. It was not merely to sicken and die, and find a place in our sepulchres, that this lamb of the Saviour's fold was

taken from the seclusion of a mission family, and the labors of the mission field, and sent across the waters. To me, this event has seemed specially designed to awaken in the minds of our youth, at this very crisis in the history of our missions, a new sense of their obligations and abilities; to enkindle in the bosom of those who have early consecrated themselves to Christ, a new flame of love and zeal and energy in his blessed cause; and to commence a new series of efforts, which shall never cease till the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.

Methinks the eye of a covenant-keeping God looked down upon this meek follower of his Son, as she came upon this holy errand from the land of Obukahaia. Daily employed in the duties of the child and the scholar, and constant in her attachment to her Saviour, she was preparing, as she hoped, for future labors in the cause of missions. But her soul was fast ripening for heaven, her work was done, and the great design of her embassy was to be accomplished by presenting her own record of her short life to the children of America. Thus did Lucy come *as a missionary to them*, to

entreat them to "love Jesus" and remember the heathen.

The same omniscient eye is looking down to see how this new message is received. God is asking you, dear readers, to make it the high purpose of your lives to secure the salvation of your own souls, and the souls of others. He is presenting to you, by the pen of one who lived almost her entire life on heathen ground, the wants and the woes of the heathen. By her example, her early efforts, *her prayers*, her letters, and her dying solicitude for the children of Hawaii, be persuaded to feel, and labor, and pray for the souls that are ready to perish in the vast territories of the heathen world.

The labor, and prayer, and resources upon which the missionary cause depends will soon devolve on you. Some of you are to go far hence to preach the Gospel, others are to provide the means for sustaining missions—all are to exert an influence, and to pray in spirit and in truth, "Thy kingdom come." Inquire of the Lord with diligence and without delay what part he would have you to perform in the glorious work which he has pledged his own promise to accomplish, and he will permit every

one of you who has a willing heart to be a co-worker with him in the extension of his blessed kingdom.

The present band of laborers will soon be gathered to their fathers. Perhaps God is now calling to some of you, as he did to Samuel of old, to consecrate yourselves early to the service of the altar. Listen to that call. Devote yourselves to the Saviour, and by mental culture and discipline, and with dependence on the grace and spirit of your Master, seek to be prepared for his service, and he will permit you to bear the knowledge of his name afar off to the Gentiles.

Children of Christian parents, consecrated to God in your childhood, when you think of "the missionary's daughter," remember how she loved the heathen, and ask what you can do for the Saviour who died for their redemption.

APPENDIX.

THE HAWAIIAN LANGUAGE.

EXTRACT FROM "STEWART'S SANDWICH ISLANDS."

THE Hawaiian language was exclusively oral till after the arrival of the American missionaries: a first effort by them was a reduction of it to a written form. They found it to be simple in its elements, and capable of being represented in its sounds by a selection from the Roman alphabet. Its peculiarities consist in a predominance of vowels, and an entire rejection of double consonants, and of all sibilant, nasal, and guttural sounds, and in the invariable termination of every syllable and word by a vowel.

The Hawaiian alphabet consists of fourteen letters: five vowels, *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, and nine consonants, *b*, *d*, *h*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *p*, and *w*. That no letter should be silent, and that every letter should have one undeviating sound, were made radical principles in the written language. The English sounds of the con-

sonants were retained; but important advantages led to the adoption, for the vowels, of the sounds given to them in the principal languages of the continent of Europe. To pronounce any word in their tongue correctly, therefore, it is necessary only to learn the proper sounds of the vowels and dipthongs.

a is sounded *ah*, as in man, mat, marry.
e has the sound of *a* in fate, mate, date.
i has the sound of *ee* in bee, or *i* in marine.
o is sounded as in no, note.
u has the sound of *oo*, as rude, rule, ruin.

The principal dipthongs are,

ai, sounded as in aisle.
au, sounded *ow*, as in vow.
oi, sounded as in oil.
ou, sounded like *o*, followed closely by *oo*.

These remarks will explain the changes which have taken place in the orthography of some words which frequently appear in the journals of the missionaries, as *kabu*, *kalo*, *kapa*, etc., for *tabu*, *taro*, *tapa*, etc.; and may aid the reader in pronouncing some names and terms in this volume, of which the pronunciation is not given.

ERUPTION OF THE VOLCANO OF KILAUEA, ON THE ISLAND OF HAWAII, IN 1840.

BY REV. TITUS COAN.

On the 30th of May the people of Puna observed the appearance of smoke and fire in the interior, a mountainous and desolate region in that district. Thinking that the fire might be the burning of some jungle, they took little notice of it until the next day, Sunday, when the meetings in the different villages were thrown into confusion by a sudden and grand exhibition of fire, on a scale so large and fearful as to leave no room to doubt the cause of the phenomenon. The fire augmented during the day and night; but it did not seem to flow off rapidly in any direction. All were in consternation, as it was expected that the molten flood would pour itself down from its height of four thousand feet to the coast, and no one knew to what point it would flow, or what devastation would attend its fiery course. On Monday, June 1st, the stream began to flow off in a northeasterly direction; and on Wednesday, June 3d, at evening, the burning river reached the sea, having averaged about half a mile an hour in its progress.. The rapidity of the flow was very unequal, being modified by the inequalities of the surface over which the stream passed. Sometimes it is supposed to have moved five miles an hour, and at other

times, owing to obstructions, making no apparent progress, except clearing away hills and precipices.

But I will return to the source of the irruption. This is in a forest, and in the bottom of an ancient wooded crater, about four hundred feet deep, and probably eight miles east from Kilauea. The region being uninhabited and covered with a thicket, it was some time before the place was discovered; and up to this time, though several foreigners have attempted it, no one except myself has reached the spot. From Kilauea to this place, the lava flows in a subterranean gallery, probably at the depth of a thousand feet; but its course can be distinctly traced all the way, by the rending of the crust of the earth into innumerable fissures, and by the emission of smoke, steam, and gases. The eruption in this old crater is small, and from this place the stream disappears again for the distance of a mile or two, when the lava again gushed up, and spread over an area of about fifty acres. Again it passes under ground for two or three miles, when it reappears in another old wooded crater, consuming the forest, and partly filling up the basin. Once more it disappears, and flowing in a subterranean channel, cracks and breaks the earth, opening fissures from six inches to ten or twelve feet in width, and sometimes splitting the trunk of a tree so exactly that its legs stand astride at the fissure. At some places it is impossible to

trace the subterranean stream, on account of the impenetrable thicket under which it passes. After flowing under ground several miles, perhaps six or eight, it again broke out like an overwhelming flood, and sweeping forest, hamlet, plantation, and every thing before it, rolled down with resistless energy to the sea, where, leaping a precipice of forty or fifty feet, it poured itself in one vast cataract of fire, into the deep below, with loud detonations, fearful hissings, and a thousand unearthly and indescribable sounds. Imagine to yourself a river of fused minerals, of the breadth and depth of Niagara, and of a deep gory red, falling in one emblazoned sheet, one raging torrent, into the ocean. The scene, as described by eye-witnesses, was terribly sublime. Two mighty agencies in collision. Two antagonistic and gigantic forces in contact, and producing effects on a scale inconceivably grand. The atmosphere in all directions was filled with ashes, spray, gases, etc.; while the burning lava, as it fell into the water, was shivered into millions of minute particles, and being thrown back into the air, fell in showers of sand on all the surrounding country. The coast was extended into the sea for a quarter of a mile, and a pretty sand beach and a new cape were formed. Three hills of sand were also formed in the sea, the lowest about two hundred, and the highest about three hundred feet.

For three weeks this terrific river disgorged itself

into the sea with little abatement. Multitudes of fishes were killed, and the waters of the ocean were heated for twenty miles along the coast. The breadth of the stream, where it fell into the sea, is about half a mile, but inland it varies from one to four or five miles in width, conforming itself like a river to the face of the country over which it flowed. Indeed, if you can imagine the Mississippi converted into liquid fire, of the consistency of fused iron, and moving onward, sometimes rapidly, sometimes sluggishly, now widening into a sea, and anon rushing through a narrow defile, winding its way through mighty forests and ancient solitudes, you will get some idea of the spectacle here exhibited. The depth of the stream will probably vary from ten to two hundred feet, according to the inequalities of the surface over which it passed. During the flow, night was converted into day on all eastern Hawaii. The light rose and spread like morning upon the mountains, and its glare was seen on the opposite side of the island. It was also distinctly visible for more than one hundred miles at sea; and at the distance of forty miles, fine print could be read at midnight. The brilliancy of the light was like a blazing firmament, and the scene was one of unrivalled sublimity.

The whole course of the stream from Kilauea to the sea, is about forty miles. Its mouth is about twenty-five miles from Hilo station. The ground

over which it flowed descends at the rate of one hundred feet to the mile. The crust is now cooled, and may be traversed, with care, though scalding steam, pungent gases, and smoke are still emitted in many places.

On pursuing my way for nearly two days over this mighty smouldering mass, I was more and more impressed at every step with the wonderful scene. Hills had been melted down like wax; ravines and deep valleys had been filled; and majestic forests had disappeared like a feather in the flames. In some places the molten stream parted and flowed in separate channels for a considerable distance, and then reüniting, formed islands of various sizes, from one to fifty acres, with trees still standing, but seared and blighted with the intense heat. On the outer edges of the lava, where the stream was more shallow, and the heat less vehement, and where of course the liquid mass cooled soonest, the trees were mowed down like grass before the scythe, and left charred, crisped, smouldering, and only half consumed. As the lava flowed around the trunks of large trees on the outskirts of the stream, the melted mass stiffened and consolidated before the trunk was consumed; and when this was effected, the top of the tree fell and lay unconsumed on the crust, while the hole which marked the place of the trunk, remains almost as smooth and perfect as the calibre of a cannon. These holes are innumerable, and I found them to

measure from ten to forty feet deep; but as I remarked before, they are in the more shallow parts of the lava, the trees being entirely consumed where it was deeper. During the flow of this eruption, the great crater of Kilauea sunk about three hundred feet, and her fires became nearly extinct, one lake only out of many being left active in this mighty caldron. This, with other facts which have been named, demonstrates that the eruption was the disgorgement of the fires of Kilauea. The open lake in the old crater is at present intensely active, and the fires are increasing, as is evident from the glare visible at our station, and from the testimony of visitors.

During the early part of the eruption, slight and repeated shocks of earthquake were felt for several successive days, near the scene of action. These shocks were not noticed at Hilo.

Through the directing hand of a kind Providence, no lives were lost, and but little property was consumed during this amazing flood of fiery ruin. The stream passed over an almost uninhabited desert. A few little hamlets were consumed, and a few plantations were destroyed; but the inhabitants, forewarned, fled and escaped. During the progress of the eruption, some of the people in Puna spent most of their time in prayer and in religious meetings; some flew in consternation from the face of the all-devouring element, others wandered along its mar-

gin, marking with idle curiosity its daily progress, while another class still coolly pursued their usual avocations, unawed by the burning fury as it rolled along within a mile of their doors. It was literally true that they ate, drank, bought, sold, planted, builded, apparently indifferent to the roar of consuming forests, the sight of devouring fire, the startling detonations, the hissing of escaping steam, the rending of the earth, the shivering and melting of gigantic rocks, the raging and dashing of the fiery waves, the bellowings, the murmurings and unearthly mutterings coming up from a burning deep. They went carelessly on amid the rain of ashes, sand, and fiery scintillations, gazing vacantly on the ever-varying appearance of the atmosphere, murky, black, livid, blazing, the sudden rising of lofty pillars of flame, the upward curling of ten thousand columns of smoke, and their majestic roll in dense, dingy, lurid, or parti-colored clouds. All these moving phenomena were regarded by them as the fall of a shower, or the running of a brook; while to others they were as the tokens of a burning world, the departing heavens, and a coming Judge.

I will just remark here, that while the stream was flowing, it might be approached within a few yards on the windward side; while at the leeward no one could live within the distance of many miles, on account of the smoke, the impregnation of the

air with pungent and deadly gases, and the fiery showers which were constantly descending and destroying all vegetable life. During the progress of the descending stream, it would often fall into some fissure, and forcing itself in apertures, and under massy rocks, and even hillocks and extended plats of ground, and lifting them from their ancient beds, bear them with all their superincumbent mass of soil, trees, etc., on its livid bosom, like a raft on the water. When the fused mass was sluggish, it had a gory appearance like clotted blood, and when it was active it resembled fresh and clotted blood mingled and thrown into violent agitation. Sometimes the flowing lava would find a subterranean gallery, diverging at right angles from the main channel, and pressing into it would flow off unobserved, till meeting with some obstruction in its dark passage, when, by its expansive force, it would raise the crust of the earth into a dome-like hill, of fifteen or twenty feet in height, and then, bursting this shell, pour itself out in a fiery torrent around. A man who was standing at a considerable distance from the main stream, and intensely gazing on the absorbing scene before him, found himself suddenly raised to the height of ten or fifteen feet above the common level around him, and he had but just time to escape from his dangerous position, when the earth opened where he had stood, and a stream of fire gushed out.

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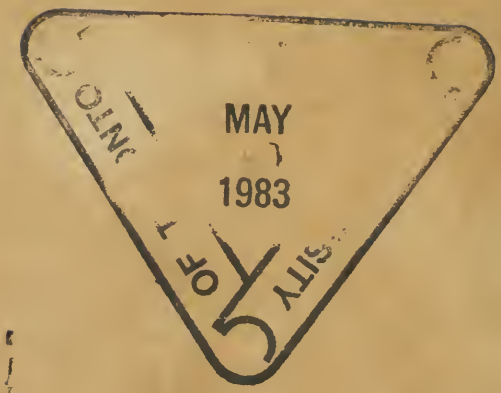
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